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AN AWFUL "CUSS."

BEING A PATRIOTIC BALLAD FOR YE MEN OF WAR.

SOME men have greatness thrust upon them—some achieve it at the cannon's mouth—and others are immortalized by verse. Jeff. Davis belongs to the latter class. The poet sings his praises and the poet sings his "cusses." "We'll hang Jeff. Davis on a Sour Apple Tree," so beautifully and feelingly described in that war hymn, "Marching On," is now as familiar to us as the "Last Rose of Summer," or "Smiggy MacGlural;" but the touching nature of those words is far surpassed by a simple refrain which we can no longer refrain from laying before our readers. It appears that Jeff. Davis has incurred the displeasure of some of the boys in Missouri, and at a recent jollification of these rough alleys, one of them, in the exuberance of his feelings, offered the following sentiment:—

JEFF. DAVIS:—May he be set afloat in an open boat, without compass or rudder; may that boat and contents be swallowed by a shark, and the shark swallowed by a whale, the whale in the devil's belly, and the devil in hell, the door locked, and key lost; and further, may he be chained in the southwest corner of hell, and a northeast wind blow ashes in his eyes to all eternity, G—d d—n him.

It is rather rough on "his excellency," and goes to show that Mister Davis is not much of a favorite in that section of the country. Filled with profound admiration at the extraordinary character of the "cuss"—beating King Lear's all to smithereens—and deeming that the charms of music would aid much to its brilliancy, one of our correspondents, "Bohemia," is induced to offer the following paraphrase, in the shape of a "war hymn," the air of which may occur to some of our military chaplains, if not to the army at large. Here it is:—

THE LAST OF JEFF. DAVIS.

A WAR HYMN.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

And Dedicated to the Author of the above Sentiment.

BY BOHEMIA.

Oh may that cuss Jeff Davis float,
Halle—Hallelujah,
On stormy sea, in open boat,
In Iceland's cold, without a coat,
Glory Hallelujah.

No rudder, compass, sail or oar,
Halle—Hallelujah,
A million miles away from shore,
Where myriad briny monsters roar,
Glory Hallelujah.

May sharks devour stem and stern,
Halle—Hallelujah,
A whale then gulp them down in turn,
And the devil get the whole concern,
Glory Hallelujah.

Oh plunge the d—d secession swell,
Halle—Hallelujah
In darkest pit of deepest hell,
To gnash his teeth, and roar and yell,
Glory Hallelujah.

In burning brimstone may he be,
Halle—Hallelujah,
Whilst little devils dance in glee,
And lock the door and lose the key,
Glory Hallelujah.

Good devil, see you chain him well,
Halle—Hallelujah,
In torture worse than tongue can tell,
In hottest fire of blazing hell,
Glory Hallelujah.

And 'mid his roars and frantic cries,
Halle—Hallelujah,
Oh make eternal ashes rise,
And blow forever in his eyes,
Glory Hallelujah.

Oh d—n each cursed rebel knave,
Halle—Hallelujah,
On no account Jeff. Davis save,
That hell-deserving scoundrel slave;
Amen, Hallelujah.

THE SHARPERS FOILED;

OR,

PLOTS UNMASKED,

AND

VILLAINY DEFEATED.

EMBRACING

Fast Life Scenes in New York,

IN WHICH

The Gambler, The Harlot, The Tricky Lawyer, The Revengeful Villain, The Designing Woman,

AND OTHER INIQUITOUS CHARACTERS

ARE

TRUTHFULLY DEPICTED.

WRITTEN FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

CHAPTER VI.

A MEDLEY.

IT was about ten o'clock in the forenoon of the day following the night on which Mr. Lorromer gave his supper. That gentleman had just arisen from his couch, and was engaged in his toilet operations, when the servant announced the name of Mark Winter.

"Good morning," said Lorromer, as that gentleman entered the room.

"'Mornin' Harry" was the curt reply.

"How do you feel this morning, after the little turn we had last night?" inquired Lorromer, smiling.

"Oh! my old head can stand a good smart sight of liquor, so it didn't 'fect me none. And by-the-bye, Harry, that very identical thing is what I came here to talk about."

"What, your head?" asked Harry, laughing.

"No—the spree," responded Mark; then looking steadily at Harry, he continued, "Harry, you're a making a d—d fool of yourself."

"How?" responded Lorromer in astonishment.

"Why, because a namby-pamby, delicate, nose-led little creature chose to shake you off, and take up wi' your cousin, you, out of revenge, goes and gets drunk, and declares your 'tention of bein' a gambler, and a rake-helly, and the devil knows what all. Don't speak. I know what you'd say—you'd talk about drownin' thought, and all that sort of thing, which don't make any difference. Now, Harry, speak out manly, and say that it is infernal ridiculous for a man to ruin himself for a woman—jist remember there's more than one pig in the market."

"Pig—woman—Mr. Winter!" cried Lorromer.

"Ya-as, I put 'em both together, 'cause they're a good deal alike in one pint—stubbornness. Now, Harry, I see by your silence that you've got nary a defence to offer, so I hopes that you'll nip this spreein' idea, right in the head—you'd better commence to-day, now, and—"

"Mr. Winter, I am fully competent to control my own sensations," said Harry, with some hauteur.

"True enough, but you *don't* control them. Now, Harry, I've taken a kind of a notion to you; you showed yourself to be a *man* the night you saved me from them ar Diggers, sence which I've kind o' liked you, more specially as soon as I seed that a young female that I intend to make much of, had a kind of a sneakin' notion arter you."

"What mean you?" cried Harry.

"Nothing," replied Winter, "only you must be blind not to see that thar's one girl in this 'ere little village what's worth more'n twenty such namby-pamby creturs like Louise Winter, and who loves you most to distraction."

"Loves—cretur—distraction," repeated Harry.

"Yes—but we'll talk about that some other time, and now you're dressed let me ask whar you're goin'?" said Mark.

"I am under an engagement with Colonel Cashton."

"Yes, thar's a nuther pint, Harry; it may be that you know best, but I'm an old man that's seen a good deal of the world, and I calls that ar Colonel Cashton a d—d scoundrel." Winter spoke the words with great warmth.

"Nonsense, Winter, nonsense; good man and true," laughed Lorromer.

"Wall, he mought be, but then I've seen a glare like the red light of a 'Manche in his eyes," confidently replied Winter.

"Well, well," laughingly responded Harry, "be he ever so bad-hearted, he can have nought against me—and therefore I shall sleep just as sound and—" The remainder of the sentence was lost by the closing of the door on the backs of the friends, who were now in the street.

"Where to?" asked Winter.

Broadway and my breakfast," was the response, and on they went.

* * * * * * * * * *

"Emma, dear," said Mrs. Winter, on this same morning, to her second daughter, "this morning my brother Mark announced his intention of making one of his nieces his heiress. Thanks to my management, Louise is provided for, and you must use your utmost endeavors to obtain the fortune."

"Yes, ma," demurely replied Emma.

"To make sure of this, it is necessary that we get your cousin Susan from the house," said Mrs. Winter, heartlessly.

"Oh, mamma, when she is so good to us in our sickness" cried Emma.

"True, but everything must give way to interest, you know, and I have observed that your uncle pays a great deal of attention to her, so for our own sake we must contrive to have her leave," replied the calculating mother.

"Heigho!" sighed Emma, I wish I was to be married, like Louise."

"Time enough," observed Mrs. W. "Besides," she continued, "I regret to see your sister so dull and careworn, when but a month will elapse before her marriage."

"Ah, mother," said Emma, seriously, "she still loves Lorromer."

"Pshaw—such silly nonsense. I hope you will have more sense than to attempt to *love* any one," said Mrs. Winter, impatiently.

"I don't know, ma, according as I felt—but I'm sure I can't blame my sister for loving Harry—he is so kind, so noble."

"Miss Emma, I will not pause to bandy words with you, but remember what I said of Susan," and Mrs. Winter walked majestically from the room.

"Self, self," was Emma's internal comment. "Oh, how you change our hearts."

* * * * * * * * * *

"Fenner, I have discovered a prize," observed Tom Powers to his companion.

"Where, in the Poke or Delaware?" was the actor's reply, tapping his boot lightly with his ivory tipped cane.

"Poke no fun at me, most reverend fender," cried Tom; "but list in silence while I a tale relate."

"Haste then, my friend, and the story tell," said Fenner, in the same burlesque tone.

"But one thing is needed first," said Tom, solemnly laying his hand on the actor's shoulder.

"And that is—"

"Whiskey-skins for two."

"My pal, my comrade," cried Fenner, "I'm with you." And straightway the two gentlemen descended into Shurragar's, where they gave their orders.

"George," said Powers, laying down his glass, "in crossing 2—th street this morning, I saw an angel."

"Fallen one," suggested Fenner.

"No—a most bright and beauteous creature, with wavey, auburn ringlets, love-speaking, sweet, blue eyes, and peach-like cheeks, and lips—oh! such lips, and neck and bust. Ah! my friend, she stood at the window, and I couldn't tell how tall she is, but she is a beautiful creature, and good, too, I'll be sworn, for bright as she was, she was smiling her hands by—"

"What?" asked Fenner

"Washing dishes," answered Powers.

"Ha! ha! ha! and so my friend Tom Powers actually falls in love with a red-headed girl that's washing dishes," and Fenner fairly roared in his delight.

"Oh! d—n it, George, be serious," cried Tom, slightly vexed. "The fact is, she is a devilish pretty girl, and it would be worth any man's while to catch her. Now, I'm fascinating, you know, but you are so d—d good-looking that you'd stand about an even chance with me, therefore I'll start fair. We'll manage to get acquainted in the house in some way, and whoever wins the prize is a lucky man."

"Agreed, Tom," replied Fenner. "After rehearsal we'll go up and have a look at this beauty of yours, and if she's worth it, I'll go in and bet you a cool hundred I win her ahead of you."

"Done!" replied Tom, and the bet was closed.

* * * * * * * * * *

Still another event transpired on this morning, so eventful to our characters. Seated in the parlor of a two-story, old-fashioned house in Wooster street are two persons. In one of them we recognize Colonel Cashton. The other we have yet to know. She (for it was a female) was an intensely handsome, voluptuous, and fascinating creature. Her black, full eye, shaded by such long lashes, was indicative of a deep sensuality, and her rich, slightly parted lips; her quick, full, heaving bosom, were all demonstrative of the fiery, passionate blood that flowed in her veins. It was evident that the Colonel and herself had been conversing very earnestly on some interesting topic, for her features were lighted up with an expression of the deepest interest.

"Then he is handsome, Colonel?" said the lady.

"Not particularly handsome, but good looking. Intelligent, active, and of a peculiarly sensitive disposition, you, Eva, can easily charm him, as indeed you can charm any one."

"Pshaw, Colonel, no flattery," interrupted Eva.

"Did you not charm me when my friends called me the Invincible?" gallantly replied the Colonel.

"True, Herman, true; but I loved you," responded the woman, with singular earnestness.

"I believe it, Eva, I believe it," said Cashton.

"Ay, I did, Colonel, and—but no matter. Why do you wish to entrap this young man?" asked the woman.

"Why?" cried the Colonel, almost demoniacally—"because I hate him, his family, and all bearing his name."

"Why this hate for him, Colonel?" queried Eva.

"Because, twenty-two years ago, his father robbed me of a being to whom my whole heart was pledged—he stole her affections from me, and wedded her; because, twenty-five years ago, the same man struck and disgraced me in College; because, the same year, in a duel, the same man robbed me of an eye. Are not these reasons enough why I should hate him?" and the Colonel madly walked the floor in his agitation.

"And why do you wish me to captivate and enthrall this youth?" asked the woman.

"Because it would tend to his ruin—because it would alienate him from those who would befriend him—women who would save him," cried the Colonel, fiercely.

"It is a hard task, Herman," sighed the woman.

"But you will do it, Eva, for my sake," interposed Cashton, in his softest tones.

"For your sake, Cashton, I will," replied the woman, "for I love you still;" and the infatuated woman threw herself into the arms of the betrayer of her heart.

A few words are necessary to explain this woman's history. Some three years previous to the commencement of our tale, the Colonel had become acquainted with her in one of our western cities, and, by his powers of fascination and specious promises, had succeeded in accomplishing her ruin. For a year she had traveled with him as his wife, and then he brought her to New-York, and placed her where we have found her. Here she remained, firm in the belief of possessing the Colonel's love, and blindly trusting in him.

CHAPTER VII.

THE ASSIGNATION.

Were you ever in a "Lecture Room," or Museum, on a Wednesday afternoon? If not, you have missed an excellent opportunity to study human nature; for it is here in this assemblage of mermaids and fire annihilators, and white niggers, and bearded women, that assignations are made, and young and innocent girls first brought in direct contact with vice.

On this particular afternoon, two of our most prominent characters were leisurely promenading the halls of this establishment.

Scores of our most fascinating and bewitching fast women were constantly passing and repassing them, to whom the two gentlemen were constantly addressing words of recognition or some complimentary phrase.

"A fine woman, that," said the Colonel, as a most majestic creature bowed to himself and Harry.

"They're all fine women, Colonel," replied Lorromer. "In fact, I question very much whether you can pick out a class of females handsomer than our fancy women."

"Right," responded the Colonel; "and, by Jove!" he added, with sudden animation, "there comes a most queenly one."

This remark was occasioned by the approach of a woman whom Harry pronounced the most beautiful creature he had ever seen, and whom our readers will have no difficulty in recognizing as Eva Darling.

"Harry," said the Colonel, "she is evidently smitten with your appearance. Go and speak to her, my boy, go."

"I believe she is, Colonel," laughingly responded Harry; "I *will* speak to her," and he approached the lady.

"Madam," said he, "it were invidious in me to compare you to a flower among weeds, but will you allow me to tell you that you are a most beautiful woman."

"Sir!" said the woman, haughtily.

"This fact; madam," responded Harry, bowing, must excuse my seeming impudence; but it is a peculiarity of mine, that I invariably address a pretty woman when I see one."

"You are exceedingly impertinent, sir," said the lady; then smiling, she added, "what would you with me, sir?"

"What would I, madam? I would fain know the name of her who—"

"Come, come, a truce to compliments," interrupted Eva, "if you would know my name, 'tis here;" and she handed him a card, with her name and address engraved thereon.

"Madam, may I hope that you will permit me to call on you?"

"Nay, sir, 'twould be imprudent;" and the artful woman languishingly bowed her head.

"By Heavens, Madam, I shall call, imprudent or not," cried Harry, now thoroughly interested in the woman.

"It would be dangerous, sir, for there is one already—"

"Yes, yes, I understand; but in spite of that I shall call," cried Harry, in whose veins the hot fever of passion was now raging.

"Well, then, if you *will* come, come to-night," responded Eva.

"The hour?" impatiently demanded Harry.

"Ten."

"I shall be there," and hastily turning on his heel, Harry rejoined Cashton.

It is difficult in the extreme to describe the workings of passion. Harry was in what might be termed an advanced stage of love. Desire had seized him with almost irresistable force, and the blood was fiercely burning in his veins. He had no thought, no topic, the remainder of this day, but Eva; and never did a day seem so long to him. He paid no heed to the performances, and madly drank huge goblets of wine.

"Ah," thought the Colonel, who was watching with secret delight these indications of passion, "the spell is on him, and another link is formed in the chain to encompass him."

Frequently during the afternoon did Harry essay to approach and speak to the woman who had inspired him with such passion, but as often was he foiled by her avoiding him.

The day at length passed, and the shadow of night fell upon the city. Harry endeavored to while away the evening by billiards, but his mind was so pre-occupied that he could make no caroms, and pockets were out of the question. Slowly to him did the hands of the clock accomplish their circuits, until they pointed to the hour of ten. Then hastily bidding adieu to Cashton, he dashed rapidly to the house in Wooster street. His ring at the door was answered by a negro, who inquired "If he was the gem'man as de young Missus was a gwine to hab call on her?"

"Yes, yes," responded Harry; "show me to her."

"Dis way den, if you please," and the porteress conducted him to the room before described, and throwing open the door ushered Harry in.

Harry gazed for an instant, and then stood, as if entranced, in the centre of the apartment. And in truth, the appearance of Eva was such as to enthrall the mind of one a good deal firmer than Harry.

She was seated upon a sofa, with her feet resting negligently on a footstool, her position displaying the matchless shape and symmetry of her limbs. Her dress was cut in such a manner that the treasures of her glowing bust were exposed sufficiently to enable one to judge of the whole. A cape of lace, of the finest texture, was thrown around her Parian-like neck and shoulders, thereby causing the white skin to appear still more dazzling through the webs of its covering; her head was slightly thrown back, the action causing her ripe red lips to part, exposing a set of dazzling, pearl-like teeth, and her arms were disposed of in such a manner that their exquisite shape and roundness could be seen. The full force of her dazzling eyes were directed on Harry as he entered, and a slight smile crossed her countenance at his apparent embarrassment.

"And so you have come, sir," said she in a softly musical voice.

"Yes, I have come, and never shall I leave this place till—"

"Softly, softly," laughingly interrupted Eva; "a chair is there, and she pointed to a seat, which Harry took almost mechanically. "And now, then," said she, "since I have been so foolish as to grant you this interview, what would you with me?"

"To tell you, madam, that I love you—to tell you that I madly—"

"There, there," interrupted Eva; "the old story. Do, for mercy's sake, Mr. ——; by-the-way, what's your name?"

"Lorromer, Harry."

"Ah! then it shall be Harry, for I dislike to Mister anybody," said Eva, with engaging sweetness.

"Anything you please, so that you listen to me," cried Harry.

"Don't talk of love then."

"Then we'll talk of passion."

"That were still worse."

"Why did you allow me to come at all?"

"It was a whim, a caprice."

"I'll not believe it; you want money?"

"On yonder table you'll find a thousand dollars."

"Are you not a—"

"I know what you would say; I am," cried Eva, bitterly, "a kept woman."

"Why, then, will you refuse me the boon I crave?" cried Harry, imploringly.

"Why? because if I did, you would value me too lightly."

"Never, never," interposed Harry.

"Nonsense; I know better. I have studied men's hearts. Grant them a favor, they'll thank you at the time, but laugh at you afterwards."

"Strange, beautiful woman; I shall go mad."

"Oh, no, men seldom go mad; none but women go crazy for love," replied Eva, coolly.

"Oh! why will you treat me so coolly—one who loves you so fondly?" cried Harry.

"Cool? I am not cool; I am prudent."

"Then throw off this prudery, and greet me as thy adorer," implored Harry.

"Adorer? nonsense;" said Eva, smiling.

"Ah! you smile—you smile; you will," cried Harry, dashing forward, and seizing the hand of his enslaver.

"There you are again. Have I not once refused you?" said Eva, withdrawing her hand.

"This coldness is but affectation," said Harry.

"What opinion can you have of our sex? And yet you're like the rest. If a woman is kind, you deem her bold; if she is modest, you term her cunning; if she is friendly, you call it interest; and if she is cold, 'tis affectation. However we may be, there's always a fault."

"There's none in you, best of women," cried Harry, whose passion was fast turning into admiration for this singular woman.

"Yes there is—there's many. I am cold hearted."

"Can you not love?" asked Harry.

"I have loved" she replied, seriously.

"Then you could not refuse to return the love of a heart devoted to thee and thee only."

"Heart—love?" you talk in riddles. Have you a gold piece? That is love. Coins should be made *heart shaped*," bitterly laughed Eva.

"Nay, but I am sincere."

"Sincerity is a dangerous virtue; it often *surfeits* what it should *nourish*."

"Then I will nourish thee."

"You cannot, for you would betray me."

"Nay, by Heavens, charming woman; neither by word, nor look, nor action, will I do wrong by thee; only I pray you return my love," and Harry kneeled before the woman who had so completely fascinated him.

"He does love me," thought Eva, "and yet I must ruin him. Mr. Lorromer, if, as you say, you do love me, by one way you can convince me."

"Name it, name it," cried Harry, eagerly.

"By leaving me instantly, and never trying to see me again," said Eva, earnestly.

"Impossible," cried Harry.

"It is not," answered the woman; and then in a low, earnest tone she continued—"listen to me. You are a *man*, older in years than I am. I am a woman—lost, ruined, degraded below the level of my sex. My glass tells me that I am beautiful. You, on seeing me this day in the Museum, became inspired with a desire to possess my person; the fever of passion is still on you. Leave me I pray you, for your own, for my sake."

"I cannot, I cannot."

"It is worse than madness—it is ruin for you to stay.

Leave me, I implore—I beg of you," cried Eva, with startling vehemence.

"Tell me, first, that I may see you again?" responded Harry.

"Well, then, yes; in a week."

"'Tis an age."

"It is soon enough."

"Well, I shall come," and Harry dashed rapidly down the stairs and out of the house.

The moment he had departed, the woman who had obtained such intense influence over him, murmured mournfully, "And must I ruin him?"

TO BE CONTINUED.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C. M. W., Peterboro, N. H.—1. Money received, and book will be forwarded in a day or two. 2. The turf in England is much more of an institution than with us, and is patronised by "Jewks" and other highfalutin people to a great extent. The modes of conducting the various races, and kinds of races, would occupy very much more space in describing than we could give in this department.

TOM RILEY, Milwaukee.—"A party of us were playing All Fours. I held Jack of trumps, which was the lowest trump out. In playing it, it was taken by a higher trump. Now have I not the right to score one point for low?".....Yes, you score one for low, and the player who captured your trump, scores one for Jack, the card, in this instance, scoring twice.

INQUIRER, Boston.—1. Newspaper exchanges between editors are free of postage, except from foreign countries. 2. Editors have a right to make extracts, when giving the proper credit. 3. The parcels go by express, and the receiver pays the charges. 4. Hoe's single-cylinder presses range from $900 to $2200.

W. CAXHILL, Sacramento, Cal.—Yankee Sullivan and Joe Wisrow never fought; a match was talked of in San Francisco, during Sullivan's last visit to that country, but it never came to a fight. Sullivan and Wisrow did not have a brush after the fight between Hyer and Sullivan.

BIG BEAR, Alexandria, Va.—The backers of the men generally find the money, and make good the amount of the stakes; occasionally, principals stand something in the main stake. Where a backer finds all the money, and his man wins the fight, it is customary to give the winner half of the stakes fought for.

J. C. C., Boston.—The great race between Eclipse and Henry, representatives respectively of the Northern and Southern turf, was decided on the Union Course, L. I., in the presence of an immense assemblage, in May, 1823. The race was four mile heats, Eclipse winning in three straight heats.

C. H., Portland, Me.—Your friend wins the wager. Wm Henry Harrison died in one month after his inauguration as President of the United States; while Zachary Taylor, who was inaugurated in March, 1849, did not die until July, 1850.

FAIR PLAY, Philadelphia.—We should have been pleased to give fair play by inserting your document, had your real name and address been appended. We could not, with propriety, allow you belligerent rights when you do not show your true colors.

HARRY ST. CLAIR, N. Y.—Our city theatres usually make their own, but parties in the country are often supplied from the costumers. Address Professor Reid, Marion street, or Mons. De Lave, 74 Mulberry.

A CONSTANT READER, Ithaca, N. Y.—1. Address, Currier & Co., 152 Nassau street, N. Y. 2. Pocahontas paced one mile in 2:17½. 3. The person named, is now a prisoner at Richmond, Va., we are credibly informed.

BROTHER EEN.—Jackson, the American Deer, is too old now to compete successfully with Deerfoot. Jackson's best time, however, has not been equalled by the Indian. Jackson is now more than forty years of age.

SANDY.—Awful Gardner is not dead; he retired from sporting circles several years ago, and has since been engaged in pursuits of a different character to those which formerly occupied his attention.

A SUBSCRIBER, N. Y.—As a general thing, criticisms from that source are not worth the paper they are written on. "Money makes the mare go," is an applicable quotation.

"TYPES," Fudgin Club, N. Y.—Don't forget those 15 inch American Flag collars for Mr. Edwin James, now "up to his eyes" working for the Union in England.

JACK SPENCER AND GUS GRANT.—"If you're coming, why don't yer come along?" On reaching London, a note addressed to E. J., care of *Sporting Life*, would carry mail.

FRED COPPERS.—Phil Doherty, Corp. Wilson, and other friends in the Union army, are informed that the "Sporting Printer," (Ned J.) is at present in Birmingham, England.

SHORT BOY, N. Y.—1. From 5 ft. 6 in. to 5 ft. 8 or 9 inches. 2. Some men grow considerably after arriving at the age of 17. Exercises of the proper kind will stretch you out some.

BUFFALO.—"In a game of Euchre, A takes it up and goes alone; B goes alone against him, and euchres A. How many points is B entitled to?".....Two.

J. D. M., Montreal.—The affair of which you send us a report does not seem to come under the head of prize fights, and we consider it better to omit it altogether.

J. W. E., Dayton, O.—The error did not originate with us. We afterwards corrected it, however.

MACK, Baltimore, Md.—Thanks. We like your style. Just what we want. All utility. Write whenever convenient.

T. P. L., Vincennes.—C, having bet that he would beat A's throw, and having tied it only, loses.

YANKEE JIM, Philadelphia.—He was born in England, we are credibly informed.

ARTILLERYMAN, Boston.—Address Francis Butler, No. 3 Peck Slip, New York. A good coach dog is worth not less than $100.

SIMON NIXON, N. Y.—1. We did not fall into the error referred to. 2. Your "effusion" is accepted. Thanks.

GLOVES, Lancaster, Pa.—1. The photographs are not to be procured here. 2. Will mention your views to some of the boys.

W. R.—John Diamond, the renowned Jig dancer, died in Philadelphia, on the 29th of October, 1857.

CRICKETER, Philadelphia.—The best time ever made in this country in running one mile is four minutes and thirty-six seconds.

A. B. C., Louisville.—Helen Western was married quite recently, and, it is said, is now in England.

J. C., Alexandria, Va.—1. The Savannah was the first steamship that ever crossed the Atlantic. 2. In 1819.

OLD BERKS.—Where a gun misses fire, the shooter is entitled to another bird.

R. SABY, Boston.—Zoyara is the husband of Miss Sallie Stickney, or as she was more recently called, Mdlle Heloise.

A. W. D., Schenectady.—The times are so sadly out of joint, that we do not care to enter into any fresh engagements at present.

C. L., Albany, N. Y.—It was received. The omission was an error on our part.

TEXAS, N. Y.—We have not heard of her death, therefore presume the rumor to be unfounded.

HONEY BEE, N. Y.—At what was then called the Metropolitan Theatre.

M. H., Taunton, Mass.—Captain Faunce.

J. McE., Dayton.—We issued no Pictorial during the past year.

HARLEM, N. Y.—B won, having more than tied.

DISPUTE, Baltimore.—Tricks count before honors.

AN EVENING'S ENTERTAINMENT, at the game of billiards, was given at Mr. M. Geary's Saloon, No. 22 Courtlandt street, on the 9th inst., it being then first thrown open to the public. A game of 250 points was first played by Messrs. Michael Phelan and Thomas Stone, in which the latter, by excellent play, secured the victory. At its conclusion, the veteran Phelan, (we think he has now earned that honorary and honorable title,) measured cues in a game of 500 points with his *protege*, Dudley Kavanagh, when, as usual, the beauties of the game were vividly illustrated with geometrical precision, scientific shots and long counts being the order of the night, Kavanagh taking the lead in the latter respect, by a run of 163, while his opponent, through a mis-cue, stopped at 141. Kavanagh eventually proved victor, and was congratulated on his success. A number of amateurs then took possession of the boards, and, with the aid of punch and other "groceries" served up by mine host Geary, had a grand time all round until the hour when the question "does your mother know you're out" would be both pertinent and proper. The Saloon is neatly and comfortably fitted up, contains six of Phelan's tables, and as the location is first class, we are of the opinion that the proprietor is at the bottom of the hill to fortune, the top of which we hope he will eventually reach. It is proposed to have one or more of these reunions of professional and leading amateur billiard players each week. We like the project, and believe it will result in good for the cause, by cultivating the taste and improving the skill of the public in the game. By all means let the "boss cues" come together at least once a week, if practicable.

DEAD.—The celebrated mare, Lady Forrest, died recently at the farm of her owner, Lambert Maynard, in Bradford, Mass., at the remarkable age of thirty-three years. The old lady was the mother of the noted stallion "Trotting Childers," and eight other fine colts.

ANOTHER PRIZE FIGHT.

In another part of this issue we give a condensed report of a prize fight which took place near Weehawken, N. J., on the 6th inst., between Hen Winkle and Young Elliott. The American Prize Ring is a curious institution, for scarcely one fight in a dozen is ever brought to a fair and satisfactory termination. If the police do not appear to put an end to hostilities, outsiders interfere to save their bets, and it is a very easy matter to get up a wrangle, and bring the contest to an abrupt conclusion. Such was case on the 6th. One party was fearful of losing the few dollars they had wagered on their favorites, and to prevent this "aid and comfort" from going into the hands of the enemy, they got up a disturbance, and to avoid a free fight and bloodshed, perhaps, it was determined to call it a drawn battle. Prize fighting will not meet with favor in this country so long as the Ring is conducted in such a shameful manner. Matches are made for money-making purposes only. If a man discovers that his adversary is getting into better fix than himself, and that the chances of battle will be against him, he will have himself arrested, and put under bonds not to break the pesce; or he will get out of it by some other equally disreputable means. Others, again, will win the fight by means of a crowd; and many commit a deliberate foul when they cannot get out of it in any other way. Look over the files of the CLIPPER for the last eight years, and see how unsatisfactorily nearly all our prize fights have been concluded. Very few contests have been finished clearly on the merits of the men engaged. A few men seem to manage these affairs, and they make up their minds how a fistic affair shall terminate before the contestants enter the ring.

And challenges, too; see what a number of them we have had, and how very few of them have ever come to anything. Most of these challenges are issued for bounce, or benefits; for we notice that when a pug puts forth a challenge to fight, he almost immediately follows it up with an announcement for a sparring exhibition benefit, that being the main object in view; for once the benefit is over, there is an end of the challenge. Isn't it so? No one can deny it. It is high time these things should have an end. If we are to have prize fights, let them be conducted on the square. Do, for pity's sake, let us see if we cannot have a ring contest decided without a wrangle. And if a pug wants a benefit, let him come out boldly, and announce it, without resorting to the bogus challenge dodge. It is time that practice was played out. There are many professed pugilists among us who have no more intention of entering the ring than Barnum's living whale has. They travel, ostensibly on their muscle, but really on the terror their pugnacious names are supposed to inspire. A real prize fighter is not a swaggering bully, or one of those who go knocking around in bar rooms, intimidating landlords, and women and children. No, he is a staunch exponent of right and justice, and will never use the power he possesses in a bad cause. We are sorry to say we have but a few of this type of the prize fighter among us. There are plenty who *call* themselves prize fighters, but they generally come from a bad strain, and do the prize ring infinitely more injury than good. They are the ones who get up squabbles, and wrangles, and free fights at the ring side, who punch the heads of innocent spectators, and who get up fights to win, draw, or wrangle. They will never lose. Better give up the prize ring altogether, or rule such characters out.

THE INDIAN PEDESTRIAN.—Some of the London papers are pretty severe upon the Indian, Deerfoot, who has been defeating the most celebrated pedestrians of Great Britain. They charge that he has not won his races fairly, but that his opponents have been bribed to lose. In some cases this may be true. We knew the bubble would burst some time. The whole affair is a speculation, or home and home series of races. White, of Gateshead, and several other English runners came over here a few months ago to victimize the innocents hereaway. The Indian Deerfoot, better known here as Bennett, was easily beaten by White and others; yet when the same men meet in England, the Indian proves the winner. However, the speculation was a failure here, for we exposed the intended cheat before the speculators had got very far, and our exposure was the means of clearing out the whole kit, with empty purses and doleful countenances. What the speculators failed in here, they have been successful in, in England. The Indian, painted and feathered, cut up all sorts of aboriginal shindies, just like a real savage, only a little more so, and his co-operators laughed in their sleeves to see the Indian "do" the Johnny Bulls. White beat the Indian here, and the Indian beat White on the other side, and both profited by the latter operation. Little Mills, however, seems to have given the Indian the hardest tug of all. It was a race of eight miles for the championship, and after a desperate struggle the race was declared a dead heat. Mills was anxious to run the race over, but the Indian refused, and the stakes were drawn. Somebody has been wofully gulled among the sports in England, and the "Indian speculators" have cleared a good round sum by these "extraordinary foot races." Our cousins across the water are greener than we have heretofore taken them to be.

ABOUT A DOG FIGHT.—A few years since, and "canine disputes," for money, were of frequent occurrence. Then, dog pits and rat pits were attached to sporting houses, and crowds of fanciers patronised our canine sports. But some of the chief dog fighters in this city, with more brutality in their composition than there was in that of their dogs, anxious to rob each other, as well as to defraud their patrons, commenced the poisoning game; that is, winning their battles through the aid of poison rubbed on their fighting animals. That system, prevalent for a short season, only, was a death blow to canine sports in this city. We took ground against the whole concern, refused to have anything further to do with such affairs, and canine pits soon "went to the dogs." We seldom hear anything of them now-a-days. To be sure, a fight now and then takes place, on the sly, although some of the police officers along First avenue are not ignorant of them, but they can no longer be carried on openly. No one is to blame but the principal canine fanciers, who, in their efforts to beat us out of money, in our position of stakeholder, overreached themselves, and sounded their own funeral knell. Speaking of dog fights, reminds us of one which recently took place in a saw mill. We are not responsible for the truth of the story, but "tell the tale as 'twas told to us." As we remarked, two dogs fell to fighting in a saw mill. In the course of the tussle, one of the dogs went plump against a saw in rapid motion, which cut him in two instanter. The hind legs ran away, but the fore legs continued the fight, and whipped the other dog. A gamer dog never lived. The account may be exaggerated, but it would be a pity to spoil the story by casting a doubt upon its reliability.

OUR THEATRICAL RECORD.—The success of this feature of the NEW-YORK CLIPPER is without precedent. Striking out into an entirely different path from that previously taken by theatrical critics—meting out justice to all—censuring where censure was deserved—confining our criticisms to plain facts, clothed in equally plain language—giving the latest and most reliable items of news concerning all branches of our public amusements—the NEW-YORK CLIPPER at once took a leading position in the theatrical world, and is now, as it has long been, the only recognized theatrical authority in America. Nearly every theatrical paper in the country draws upon the columns of the CLIPPER for items of news; and we are glad they do so, for it tends to give still greater publicity to matters of interest to the profession at large. To be sure, we are always a week in advance of others with our summary, but this does not prevent the news being of *some* benefit to our contemporaries. We have been instrumental, to a certain extent, in changing the course of critics, and there is now much less of that fulsome flattery, and "oyster house" adulation, so prevalent before we showed our neighbors "the how" to do better. Our friends are welcome to whatever items they may see proper to extract from our well-stored columns. By following our example closely, they may learn, after a time, how to make a live newspaper.

LYNCH DEFEATED.—By our latest advices from England, we learn that Charley Lynch was defeated in his recent fight with Holden. The little American pug does not seem to be making much headway of late. What's the matter? London life seems to have set the little bantam back. A full report of the fight will be found in another part of this paper.

TOM TIDDLER'S GROUND.—A Christmas and New Year's Story, by Dickens. Just published by F. A. Brady, 24 Ann street, New York. Price 25 cents.

A BILLIARD MATCH IN PROSPECT.—After more or less bandinage, it appears that we are likely to have a billiard match on the *tapis*, which will create considerable *furore*, if not more, in the billiard and outside world. The parties to the contract are Michael Foley and Dudley Kavanagh, two individuals well posted in cue-rious devices, and old opponents, they having before met face to face on the field of emerald hue, at the time of the great match between Seereiter and Phelan, at Detroit, Mich., where, Kavanagh, when all but beaten, made the magnificent run of 177 points, thus turning the tables in his favor. CLIPPER readers are aware that Kavanagh has a standing challenge issued to play for $1000 a game in a home and home match, which is met by Mr. M. Foley in a candid and modest manner, although not for the full amount, by an offer fully set forth in the annexed card:—

CLEVELAND, O., Jan. 9, 1862.

DUDLEY KAVANAGH—DEAR SIR:—I will play you a home and home match at the four ball carom game of billiards, with 2¾ balls, fifteen hundred points each game, on one of Phelan's tables, for $500 a side each game, the first game to be played in Cleveland, O., the return in New York. Mr. Kavanagh, on acceptance, can name the date for each match to come off. Forfeiture, if requisite, will be forwarded by me to such party as you may select. I would play you for the $1000 each game, as soon as for the amount above named, but circumstances are such that I cannot do it at present.

From Your Well Wisher, MIKE FOLEY,
104 Bank steeet, Cleveland, O.

The above card is in marked contrast with the behavior of certain parties in Cincinnati and Boston, who, to all appearance, get up a certain amount of blowing for the sake of coining a false reputation; in fact, it is suspected, nay, asserted, that the Boston Champion is afraid, or his backers are, to come up to the scratch, because, if he should be beaten he would fail to draw customers to the saloon where his "shingle" is now suspended; which, to us, plainly indicates that his reputation is of the mushroom or fungus stripe—here to-day and gone to-morrow. We hope, however, for Goldthwaite's sake, that the reason assigned is untrue, and furthermore, that Bostonians do not patronise saloons because some one is there located whose reputation as a first class player, is yet to be substantiated. Foley's course is manly and above board, and it will give satisfaction to billiard players in general to know that Kavanagh has met the compromise in a right spirit, and that a match between two so distinguished players is on.

P. S.—Since penning the above, and just on the eve of going to press, we learn that Kavanagh has concluded to accept the above stipulations as the basis for an encounter, and that in assuming his privilege of naming the date for the matches to take place, he would probably set the time for the first one at about sixty days hence, and the second, one month later. As Kavanagh only won in their last set-to by about ten points, a close and well contested game may be looked for. Foley is said to possess great nerve when anything is at stake, which is a big point in his favor; while, on the other hand, Kavanagh has made such rapid advances in the science of the game, and his manipulations are so skillful, that it would seem almost almost an impossibility for him to be beaten. However, the result will tell, which, we hope, will be satisfactorily arrived at. In the meantime let both men look out for their Bs and Qs.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP OF ENGLAND.—The close of this month will probably bring to a settlement the pending fight for the championship of England, between Jem Mace, the present holder of the belt, and Young King, the promising aspirant for the honors. Thus far the deposits have been duly made, and everything progresses favorably. The men are undisturbed in their training—they are free to go and come as they please, without being dogged by officious blues, or other meddlers. The British motto of "fair play" is being carefully carried out, and in all probability the best man may be permitted to win. The battle will doubtless be a severe one, for King has already given evidences of what he is capable of, while Mace, when in proper form, and with his heart untouched, is one of the best men in the country. We do not look upon the match as a sure thing for the present champion, although the odds are in his favor.

SUSPICIOUS.—Elsewhere we have referred to the speculative doings of the Indian, Deerfoot, in England. Since that article was written, we have stronger evidence that the bubble had burst, and that the frauds being practiced upon the credulity of the Britishers were coming to a finale. Several matches between the Indian and others had been declared off, for obvious reasons. His match with Pudney is off, the latter "having business to look after." Deerfoot's ten mile affair with Brighton is also knocked in the head, and numerous other matches have been squelched very quietly, and no explanation offered. There were murmurs of "seeking satisfaction" among the "gulled peoples," and the Indian, through his manager, Martin, considers it better to subside while he has a whole skin. If Deerfoot is molested, we trust that White, of Gateshead, may come in for a share of the punishment.

BREAKING UP OF A GAMBLING SALOON.—The police made another descent upon Green's gambling saloon, in Broadway, last week. We have no doubt but that this "interference" was brought about in consequence of the recent disturbance between Morrissey and Lyng, in the latter's establishment. It will be remembered that Morrissey entered Lyng's place, and seeing Lyng, he made hostile demonstrations towards that individual, but Lyng presented a pistol, and threatened to use it. Friends interfered, and the parties were to have fought it out next day, but the expected meeting did not come to pass, and the affair remains in abeyance. The rumors regarding the fight, and the lively competition between the various gambling saloons on Broadway, could not but draw attention to those establishments, and the result has been the breaking up of some of them. The proprietors of such places have no one to blame but themselves for this official "Bucking against the Tiger."

JOE COBURN.—This well known pugilist will shortly be released from Sing Sing, where he has been incarcerated since the 7th of May, 1859. It may be recollected, perhaps, that he was convicted of an assault upon police officer Davidson, and was sentenced to three years confinement, at hard labor, in the State Prison. His time will be out in May. Coburn, we understand, has conducted himself very well, and it is probable that he may be released a short time before the expiration of his sentence.

FUN FOR THE JUVENILES.—A strip of sloping ground, thirty feet wide, with a run of about seven hundred and fifty feet, has been prepared on the Central Park, for the use of juveniles who delight in riding down hill and walking up. While the snow lasts this amusement may be enjoyed, with such restrictions only as are necessary for good order, near the Fifth avenue, between Seventy-second and Seventy-fifth streets. Now, boys, three cheers for the Central Park Commissioners!

BEEF! HO!—Five hundred dollars were recently paid for the big ox Hero, by a New York market man. After exhibiting the animal for a short time, he is to be slaughtered, and the meat given to the families of volunteers. His girth is eleven and a half feet, and his weight nearly four thousand pounds! He is a bully ox.

A POP AT PIGEONS.—A shooting match came off at Camden, N. J., on New Year's day, between a party of gentlemen; Messrs. Hunt and Craven choosing sides. The match was as follows:—Each shooter to shoot at 3 single birds each, ground trap, 21 yards rise, 80 yards bounds. The following summary will show who was who with the trigger:—

HUNT'S SIDE.		CRAVEN'S SIDE	
Hunt	0 1 0—1	Craven	0 1 1—2
P. Virga	0 1 0—1	Markloe	0 0 0—0
Brear	1 1 1—3	Lanning	0 0 0—0
Harrop	0 1 1—2	Trueman	1 1 0—2
Total	7	Total	4

QUAIL SHOOTING.—A shooting match came off at Keokuk, Iowa, on the 1st inst., at 10 Quail each, 18 yards rise, 80 boundary, 1¼oz. shot, between four members of the Shooting Club and four "Outsiders," which was won by the "Outsiders" by three birds, according to the following score:—

CLUB.		OUTSIDERS	
Mr. O'Bowden	1101110010—6	Mr. Woster	1011101101—7
Mr. Stannus	0011110100—5	Mr. Marcy	1011111011—8
Mr. Edwin	0011111011—7	Mr. Cross	0011111001—6
Mr. McGrainger	0001011111—6	Mr. Harris	0001110111—6
Total	24	Total	27

THE AMSTERDAM CRICKET CLUB, holds its third annual festival at Morris' Hall, Amsterdam, N. Y., on the 15th inst., when a terpsichorean feast will be enjoyed, we doubt not. We tender our thanks to J. Jackson, Jr., and the gentlemen of the committee for an invitation to be present, which we should avail ourselves of, but for the length of the journey.

THE RING.

WM. CLARKE'S SALOON, 189 Laurens street, New York. This establishment may truthfully be termed the Sportsman's Gallery of Art, as there is to be found the most extensive collection of the kind in the city, including pictures representing the most important sporting events, and the portraits of most of the eminent sportsmen in their several pursuits. Visit the Sporting Picture Gallery, by all means. 32-tf

A DRAWN BATTLE.

MEETING BETWEEN HEN WINKLE AND YOUNG ELLIOTT.

The match between Winkle and Elliott,—which had been fixed originally for the 3d inst., but which was postponed on account of magisterial interference—came to a head on Monday morning, January 6, in the vicinity of Weehawken, N. J. The attendance was small, there not being more than one hundred spectators present. In consequence of being disturbed in their previous attempt to get off the fight, the parties had to keep shady and quiet, and those who were let into the secret of the when and the whereabouts, gave a knowing wink to their chums, and maintained a seemingly studied silence. The pugs and their immediate attendants were in the pious State of New Jersey on the Sabbath, deeply intent in preparing themselves for the morrow's business. A suitable spot had been selected for the tourney, not far from Weehawken, and at an early hour the fighters made their way to the scene of conflict. It was about half-past nine o'clock, when the arrangements had all been completed, that Elliott entered the circle, attended by John Woods and W. Clarke; and soon after, this trio were followed by Winkle, who was waited upon by Kit Burns and Johnny Roche.

Elliott is the younger and taller of the two, while Winkle seems more firmly knitted together. At the call of time, they put up their hands, and the fight commenced. For the first few rounds, Elliott tried his man, and ascertained that he could reach him without difficulty; he got in several feelers, but in the rally was thrown in several rounds; in the fourth round, however, Elliott, after a few unimportant exchanges, steadied himself, and as Winkle came up, Elliott sent in a stunner on Hen's frontispiece, knocking him clean off his pins, ending the round, and gaining one of the points, viz: first knock down. In the succeeding round, Elliott followed up his advantage by drawing first blood from Winkle's nasal protuberance, and at the same time getting in another stinger which once more sent Winkle to earth. Winkle disappointed the expectations of his friends, for as yet he had made no sign, Elliott doing most of the fighting, and almost invariably getting in on his man with effect, sending him off his feet on several occasions. Winkle seemed desirous of turning the tide which was now setting in against him, but Elliott was guarded at all points, and met his opponent's advances with a cool and steady front. Occasionally Winkle got home upon his opponent's mug, but Elliott returned the compliment with interest, by either knocking Winkle down, or getting him into such a tight place as to force him down to avoid further punishment. Winkle was, apparently, a whipped man at an early stage of the fight, but he gamely fought on against a more scientific boxer than himself, but whose abilities had been previously under-rated. The effect of Elliott's blows showed plainly upon Winkle's head and body, and his breathing apparatus was out of order; while Elliott, on the contrary, looked fresh and strong, and exhibited good evidences of "staying" for an indefinite period. Those who had bet their money on Winkle, began to look for chances to hedge, while others, to save themselves, seemed bent on bringing the fight to a wrangle. Several times claims of foul were made against Elliott, who was said to have hit his antagonist while the latter was down; but if such was the case, it was evident that Winkle's voluntary going down might have had something to do with it, so the referee ordered them to fight on. Elliott had to make the fighting almost entirely, his opponent merely acting on the defensive, and going down in nearly every round. It was only a question of time, now, for it was conceded that Elliott must win, provided there was no outside interference. Winkle was badly cut and bruised, and well nigh exhausted; Elliott, too, was getting a little unsteady, but this was owing to the fact that he, like our Union army, had to go after his opponent, and force the fighting, frequently in Winkle's own corner. The Winkleites began to look blue—there was no fair hope for them—hedging was out of the question—Elliott could do what he pleased with his man, and if the latter could have been induced to stand up and take it, the fight would have been finished in half the time already consumed. In a few instances Winkle rallied, and got in some heavy body blows, but he was well paid for his temerity, for Elliott generally sent him down with a "rifled bore," as the military men call it. Thus they fought, for two hours, and it was pitiable to see Winkle come up to the slaughter, as it were. There were murmurs of foul play among the Winkle men, and it was evident that trouble was brewing. Ninety four rounds had now been fought, principally in favor of Elliott, and the men arose from their seconds' knees to encounter each other for the ninety fifth time. Both showed unmistakably weak, Winkle painfully so. A good, sharp blow would have finished Winkle at this stage of the fight, but Elliott was somewhat queer himself, and his blows had lost their power. After a little skirmishing, they got together on the ropes. The partisans of either man got around the combatants, and a free fight was in abeyance. Wrangling followed, and Elliott was said to have been kicked by an outsider. To prevent a general scrimmage, it was agreed to declare the fight a draw, after a contest of nearly two hours and a quarter.

And thus ended another prize fight in the American ring. The parties returned to their peaceable firesides; the Jersey blues looked bluer than ever, and the Metropolitan Police interfered not with the sport. The only regret is, that the fight was not terminated in a proper manner.

The authorities to make amends, we suppose, for not being wide awake on the day of the fight, issued warrants for the arrest of the principals, seconds, etc., on the 8th inst.; they had only succeeded in capturing one—Elliott—as late as 9 P. M., the others for the time being managing to elude the vigilance of the M. P.'s, while Elliott was held in "durance vile" at the Eighth Ward Station House.

A rumor was extensively circulated, for the past two or three days, stating positively that Hen Winkle had succumbed to the punishment he (apparently) received in the recent fight with Elliott. From the very industrious manner in which this report was circulated, and from the fact that it was put in print by one of the greenest of our daily papers, we should not like to give such a rumor the benefit of our circulation unless fully confirmed. As affairs at present stand among the parties concerned, some people are "out of sight" just now, and we do not feel at liberty to give a more clear list of the "killed or wounded" than our daily papers keep giving from the seat of war on the Potomac.

A SET-TO IN CAMP.

A correspondent from the 11th Reg. N. Y. S. Volunteers, (1st Fire Zouaves) sends us the annexed document on The Ring, &c., at Newport News on New Year's and the day following:—DEAR CLIPPER—We have no doubt New Year's day was as lively as ever in New York, and notwithstanding our present troubles, we found it very lively in the Camp at this place. Most of our captains and lieutenants, and last, though not least, our "gallant" Colonel (Lozier) kept open house for the reception of all the officers and privates of this and other regiments that saw fit to give him a call, and he received them in a most hearty manner. Everything went on comfortably until about 3 in the afternoon, when several of the Zouaves concluded to try their skill at the fistic art, which, however, amounted to only slight skirmishes among themselves (as the other Regiments concluded that the Zouaves were too much for them), which caused a great deal of merriment to those fond of boxing, but were not inclined to try their skill. However, two members of Company A, named respectively M. O'Rourke *alias* Hospital, and James Laville, having a dispute at an hour too near the close of the day to allow a settlement, concluded to take a good night's rest, in order to cool their topknots, that they might be the better able to settle their dispute the following day. Accordingly, the pugilists took a parting smile and retired, leaving the affair in the hands of Harry Lazarus, Denny Horrigan, Mike Trainor, and several other *attaches* of the P. R. After a little consultation it was concluded that the beach should be the place to try their muscles at an hour as near daybreak as circumstances would admit. At about an hour after reveille, all hands repaired to the spot selected. Jimmy Laville was first to throw his castor into the ring (his height about 5 feet 3 inches, weight about 125 pounds), seconded by the renowned Denny Horrigan, assisted by Tom Ross. O'Rourke soon followed, (he is about 5 feet 7 inches in height, and weighs about 150 pounds), seconded by Mike Trainor, the polite, assisted by Peter Smith. The accomplished Harry Lazarus was chosen referee, and Sergeants Jack Dunn and Phil Saedicor, bottle-holders, in which office they showed themselves capable of taking care of A No. 1. Everything being in readiness, the fight commenced.

Round 1, On toeing the mark, from the appearance of the men in size, &c., the spectators concluded that O'Rourke would soon demolish his antagonist. They, however, seemed to alter their opinion as soon as a few rounds were finished. In this round, both came up good naturedly, each being cautious to find out each other's movements; at length, Laville let go with his left, but was short; but tried again, reaching his opponent's frontispiece. He followed up with the same mawley on the bread basket, and the right on the ribs, receiving one upon the left jaw, a cross hit on the top of the nut, which caused it to shake, when they closed, Laville getting down out of harm's way.

2 Both came up briskly at the call. Laville tried a little one with his left, which was neatly stopped; he made a second attempt with more success, reaching O'Rourke's bread basket, and received a hot one in return on the frontispiece, taking him clean off his pins. First knock-down for O'Rourke.

3. Both answered the call of time with good grace. Short sparring. Laville led off with his left, landing a hot one on O'Rourke's beak, receiving one in return on the gob, drawing the ruby in abundance. First blood for O'Rourke. They then closed with some pretty good in-fighting, when both went down, Laville under.

4 On coming up, both showed marks of each other's handiwork. They quickly commenced operations. O'Rourke let fly with his right, but was short; he tried again with his left with more success, catching Laville full upon the tater-trap, drawing more of the carmine, receiving a nasty one on the handle of his mug, displacing a roll of bark from that organ, thereby making his lamps blink like a night owl ("Bravo, Jimmy!" from all sides.) A pause, and at it again. Jimmy landed another on O'Rourke's kissing trap, receiving a cross-counter on the side of the nut, when they closed and struggled for the fall; when O'Rourke cross buttocked Laville, and fell heavily upon him. This was one of the best rounds fought.

5. Both came up slowly, but evidently bent upon mischief; O'Rourke rushing wildly at Laville, but was met by a straight left-hander upon the damaged horn, removing a little more bark, when they closed. O'Rourke got Jimmy's head in chancery, and punished him severely, when Jimmy broke away, O'Rourke following him up and back-heeling him, falling heavily upon him. Here Mike Trainer advised Horrigan to take his man away, but was

quickly told by the little Zouave (Horrigan) that it was the Astor House to a peanut stand on his man winning.

6. Bellows to mend on both sides, a little sparring, both got close to work, O'Rourke planting a straight left-hander on Jimmy's right optic without a return. He tried again with the same effect, but received a nasty rib-roaster for his pains. Closed, and Jimmy down.

7, 8, 9, 10, and 11. Similar to the last.

12. Both rather slow to the call of time. The left side of Jimmy's nut much swollen and his kissing trap out of shape, while O'Rourke's right hand was useless, his bugle looking like a boiled carrot, and his mug looking anything but pleasant. After a few exchanges, Laville again down.

13 and 14. It became evident to all that Laville was getting weak, owing to the weight of his opponent, and receiving the worst of the fight at these rounds. Harry Lazarus said:—"Denny, you had better take your man away, as O'Rourke is too big for him," which the gallant Laville refused to accede to.

15. After a little manœuvring, Jimmy led off with his left, catching Mike a hot one on the bread basket, receiving a stinger on the right goggle, which sent him to mother earth.

16, 17, 18, 19, and 20. Same as 15th, Laville down every time.

21 and last. It was evident that the gallant little Laville was near used up, as his blows fell harmless on his antagonist. The officer of the day was at this time seen making his way to the fight, when the cry of "disperse, disperse, the officer of the day is coming," caused all parties to fly in all directions, thus summarily putting an end to hostilities after a good mill of 35 minutes duration.

P. S.—By way of giving authenticity to the above, the undersigned send us the following statement:—DEAR CLIPPER—Enclosed you will find a true account of a mill that took place at this camp on the 2d of this month, of which we were witnesses, and enjoyed the sport very much, taking good care not to get into any melees ourselves. You will confer a favor on the Zouaves by publishing this in your valuable sheet. Respectfully yours, HARRY LAZARUS,
MIKE TRAINOR,
DENNIS HORRIGAN.

THE RING IN CHICAGO.—McGLADE AND BENDIGO.—Of the fight that "eventuated" between McGlade and Smith *alias* Bendigo, on Dec. 30, for $100 a side, a few miles distant from Chicago, Ill., a correspondent favors us with a few remarks, by which it will be observed that the "meet" was a sweet one, resulting in the defeat of McGlade, who, it will be remembered, was matched some time ago to fight Johnny Roche of this city, but the affair was brought to an abrupt termination without a meeting. Our correspondent says:—"After exhausting two hours in preparing the circle and selecting an Umpire, the men got to work, but fought shy, Bendigo going down in the second round when no blows were struck. This caused an undue amount of excitement, and as the referee 'didn't see it,' they fought on, McGlade going down in each round until the ninth, when he grounded his man like a shot. In the next round, after feeling Bendigo's ribs, the latter, not liking the liberty, liberally battered McGlade with a left-hander that sent him clean off his pedals. From this round up to the 24th, it was give and take on both sides, when McGlade was carried to his corner choking with blood. In the 25th round McGlade's left eye joined the early closing movement, and he fought out of distance. Rallying a little in the forty-third round, McGlade caught Bendigo a spanker on the mouth, for which he was knocked off his pins. In the forty-sixth and last, a blow on the nose, administered with terrific force by Bendigo, decided the event, and McGlade, in opposition to his seconds, 'gave up the ship.' Both men were severely punished after fighting one hour and twenty minutes."

SPORTS ABROAD.

THE RING.

FIGHTS TO COME.

DEC. 31.—Bob Brettle and Jack Rooke—£200 a side, London.
31.—G. Harding and L. Dimmock—£20 a side, at 7st 2lb, Birmingham.
1862.
JAN. 21.—Cook and Fellows—£10 a side, at 8st 10lb, Birmingham.
31.—Mace and King—£200 a side and the Champion's Belt.
FEB. —Nobby Hall, of Birmingham, and C Wilkinson, of the Potteries—£50 a side, at 9st 4lb, Midland Counties.
APRIL 1.—Dan Thomas and Joe Nolan—£200 a side, at 8st 10lb, Home circuit.

THE CHAMPIONSHIP.

JEM MACE AND TOM KING.—£400 AND THE CHAMPION'S BELT.—Stakes amounting to £170 a side have been deposited with the appointed officials, and the belligerents, with their friends, were to meet on Friday, Jan. 3, at the final stakeholder's, to toss for the name of place where the last £30 a side has to be put down. Glowing accounts are given of the condition in which both men are at the present time. King, the aspirant, is taking his breathings at Hastings, and Mace has been at Norwich, &c., where he (although starring) has never neglected his training in the least. He arrived in London on Dec. 28, where he was to remain until the great battle between Brettle and Rooke, for £1,000.

FIGHTS IN THE BRITISH P.R. FOR THE WEEK ENDING JAN. 4, 1862.

BOB BRETTLE AND JACK ROOKE, OF BIRMINGHAM, AT 10ST. 2LB., FOR £1 000.—The fight between the above Birmingham men, for $200 a side, and a bet of £300 a side, takes place in the metropolitan district. The reports from the headquarters of both men are most satisfactory, each having performed all that was requisite in their training to instil confidence into the minds of their respective partizans.

JESSE HATTON AND MICK GANNON, £50, AT CATCH WEIGHT.—The postponed fight between the above men, takes place at the same place as the battle between Brettle and Rooke.

YOUNG STIFF-'UN AND HARTLEY, FOR £40.—The whole of the money for the above mill, £20 a side, has been made with the final stakeholder.

FIGHT NEAR NOTTINGHAM, FOR £25, BETWEEN KENRICK AND MOSELEY.—This match, which has caused some excitement in the Midland Counties, came off on Tuesday, Dec 24, at Brampton-lane, Yorkshire. The men were on the ground shortly after daybreak, and commenced fighting at 8 A. M. Kenrick is no novice in the P. R., but the present was the first appearance of Moseley. In the first round it was evident that Kenrick had the advantage in height and reach, as well as being in better condition. Moseley, although thin in the face, had a great quantity of superfluous flesh on the body. The contest was a regular ding-dong affair from end to end, Moseley getting the first knock-down in the third round, and following suit in the sixth, and in the seventh, drawing first blood from the left eyebrow. Kenrick, however, proved the stronger man, and had the best of the fight, for in the fifty-second and last round he was first to time, and got on his left and right heavily on the jaw and ear, knocking Moseley down, who was unable to answer the call of time. Kenrick was therefore hailed the winner, after fighting 55 minutes.

BOB TYLER AND BOB TRAVERS' BENEFIT.—On Thursday, Dec 26th, about 2000 lovers of athletic sports assembled at Hackney Wick, to witness various pedestrian contests, and a series of boxing bouts for the benefit of the above named pugilists, who recently contended for £200. The running, in most instances, was good and attractive, while the boxing was A No. 1, more particularly the set-to between Young Gollagher and Young Dutch Sam, two old opponents, which was one of the most scientific displays witnessed for a length of time. They were most vociferously cheered as they retired. The wind up was the next feature of consequence, which was between the two accomplished professors, Travers and Tyler. The M. C. returned thanks for the *beneficiares*, and showed the handseme cup presented to Bob Tyler, after which they had a couple of pretty rounds, in which the peculiar *forte* of each man was shown to the greatest advantage.

MALKIN AND STANTON, (THE BRICK LAD) FOR £30—GREAT DISAPPOINTMENT.—This fight, which has created so much interest in the Sheffield sporting circles for a length of time, has terminated in the most unsatisfactory manner. The fight was for £15 a side, and took place on Thurday, Dec. 26, about fourteen miles from Sheffield. They were seconded by friends whose names, for prudential reasons, are not given. The betting was even, Malkin for choice. A nice spot was selected, and long before noon the lads were in the ring. The fight admits of little description, only lasting 14½ min., during which time five rounds were fought, the first and second of which were slightly in favor of Malkin; in the third, Stanton had the best of the fighting, whilst in the fourth Malkin was again the better man. In the fifth and last, Malkin, who had a name of the gamest description, refused to fight any more, Stanton being declared the winner, in 14½ min. This will, it is hoped, be Malkin's last appearance in the P. R., leaving room for some one more worthy of the excellent support he received. Stanton's behavior in training, it is said, has proved him to be unworthy of the name of a pugilist, positively refusing to obey the orders of any of the three trainers who were doing all that could be done for him, and, had the loser been half as game as he had credit for, he must have won, from the weakness Stanton must have shown in a contest of any length.

A MERRY LITTLE MILL, for £10 a side, came off on Thursday, Dec. 26, in the suburbs of London, the combatants being Brummagem George and Dublin Peter. They kept the game up for two hours and a quarter, during which time thirty-five rounds were fought, when the police put in an appearance. It is proposed to increase the stakes to £25 a side.

SLASHING FIGHT
BETWEEN
GEO. HOLDEN, of Walsall, and CHARLEY LYNCH, the American,
FOR £50.

The fight between Charley Lynch, the American, who was once Champion of the light weights, and George Holden, of Walsall, came off in the metropolitan district, on Dec. 24, for £25 a side, at a well-known spot down the silent highway. In consequence of the Christmas holidays being so near at hand, there was but a small attendance of the upper ten thousand, who were "under orders" elsewhere, &c. The ring was well represented, as most of its members were in attendance. The interest was chiefly confined to the immediate friends of the men; Lynch being followed by those who remembered and had profited by his previous victories, and Holden by a few admirers from his immediate neighborhood, and the friends he had won for himself in the metropolis by his unassuming conduct while in town. An early hour was appointed for the start, which was anticipated by a few whose growls were loud and frequent, thinking themselves the victims of the wrong "tip." At length the men and backers arrived, when tickets were taken, and a move in the right direction made. During the ride by rail not a bet was laid or an offer made. On the train discharging the voyagers, some little time was cut to waste ere the company could be settled on board the vessel in commission, which was waiting for the men, backers, &c. The start by water at length took place at 10.15, A. M., when, after a pleasant trip, a landing was effected at the aforesaid spot at 11.10, A. M. The performances of the American, Lynch, are much above mediocrity, while those of Holden are *nil* as regards the public, and are as follows, viz:—

C Lynch is of Irish extraction, and was born in New York, in 1830, but first came out in the P. R. in the Quaker city of Philadelphia, when he so thrashed a man of the name of Lacon, that he soon found friends to back him against Brady, whom he likewise easily defeated. Finding there was not sufficient scope for his pugilistic powers in the city of "Friends," he visited New York, then the hot bed of American pugilism. The talent there soon gave him a chance, by matching him against another "smart youth," of the name of Callahan, located in the neighborhood of Broadway, and whom he beat easily. He then fought a drawn battle with Macarthy, and a winning battle with an Irish lad, named the "Derry Youth," and another of the name of Kelly. Owing to the unfortunate termination of this last encounter, the heroic Kelly having there and then "fought his last battle," he, Lynch, deemed it advisable to visit England, and lost no time after landing in making a match, for in a few days we hear he had met and defeated a man called Gilleit the Tough, easily. He then fought Simon Finighty, at 8st. £15 a side, by whom he was defeated in ninety-six rounds, 2 hr. 48 min., at Old Haven, October 27, 1857. Lynch lost by a foul blow. His next encounter was a win with Harrington. £25 a side, in fifty-eight rounds, 1h 17m, at Shell Haven, June 16, 1858. After that he beat Sullivan, £30 to £20, in twenty-nine rounds, 48min, down the river, Aug. 17, 1858. Beaten by Dan Thomas, the Cambrian Champion, £50 a side, fifty-six rounds, 1h 40m, near Aldersbot, January 25, 1859. In the same year, he took his revenge by defeating Simon Finighty, for £50 a side, in forty-three rounds, 1h 10m, on the Kentish Marshes, Aug. 2. His last battle was with Billy Shaw, by whom he was defeated. They fought for £25 a side, at catch-weight; Shaw being 8st 11lb, and Lynch, a trifle under 8st. Shaw was backed from George Brown's, the Bell, Red Lion Market, and had for his seconds, H. Brunton and Kit Burnes, of New York. The battle was fixed to take place after that of Sayers and Heenan, April 17, 1860; but in consequence of police interference, they met the next day at Purfleet, when Young Shaw, in the fourth round, drew first blood, and took so decided a lead that 20 to 16 was freely laid on Shaw, who gained the first knock-down blow by sending Lynch off his legs in the thirty-first round, after fighting 50 min. In the thirty-seventh round the police interfered, and an adjournment to another day was unavoidable, when the rendezvous was fixed at Aldershot. On appearing in the ring, both were very stiff from the exertions on the previous day; the betting was, however, 2 to 1 on Shaw, who drew blood in the first round, and, notwithstanding all the game and determined struggles of Lynch, Young Shaw was proclaimed the conqueror in sixty-one rounds. Time, 1h 45m. On the present occasion he trained himself at the Bell Inn, Leytonstone, being at the time the match was made at least 8st 12lb, in fighting costume; but, before he left London, he reduced himself to a weight at which he could have a great chance of success. Young Holden is five feet three inches in height; he was nineteen years of age on February 8, 1861, and weighs 7st 13lb. He has never been before the public in the P. R., although he had won the affections of his brother-*butchers* by the manner in which he has pulled through a great number of rough turns-up. He took his breathings at his father's, New-street, Walsall, under the mentorship of the aforesaid veteran, who, by judicious care, had reduced the juvenile to the weight required by the articles. The combatants weighed at Jem Mace's, on Monday, at half-past one, at noon, in the presence of the friends of the men, the Birmingham fancy mustering rather strongly. Both were found well within their weight, although Lynch had slightly the advantage.

A likely spot, well fraught with reminiscences to all ring-goers having been fixed upon, Fred Oliver, the assistant commissary, with his assistants, lost no time in pitching the magic arena, which was placed ship-shape at 11.40, ready for the appearance of the men, who were preparing themselves for the contest, while the backers were engaged in the difficult business of picking the referee, which having been amicably settled, and the inner ring adjusted by Inspector Duncan and his assistants, the American, Charley Lynch, was the first to throw his cap into the ring, having a well known bung from the east end for one second, and another of equal celebrity, from "'tother side of the water" as his coadjutor. In about ten minutes Holden threw in his cap, having Jack Brookes, of Norwich, and Bayliss, of West Bromwich, as his attendants. The men themselves tossed for choice of corners, which was won by Lynch, who chose the corner with his back to the wind and sun. Lynch's color was a lemon colored handkerchief, with a white flower and a variegated border, the "very young man from the country" sporting the old Brummagem banner of the "blue bird's-eye." The betting was very limited, at 6 to 4 on Lynch. At length, everything being got ship shape, the men stood up at 12h. 10min. P. M. for

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. The youngster, Holden, was the first to catch the eye of the Fancy, in consequence of the clean, wiry appearance he showed, as well as his being a total stranger to the metropolitan followers of the P.R. He is well spread, for his youth, across the shoulders and back, with lengthy arms, which show great promise of strength and endurance at some future period, but, as with all youngsters, there is a falling off in the development of the hips and loins. The attitude was good, and his action with his arms all that could be desired, with the exception of an appearance of impetuosity and eagerness to be at work, which will no doubt wear off. Lynch was, as heretofore, herculean in figure, with the exception that a muscle or two which used to greet the eye of the spectators, was covered with flesh, or else appeared less in bulk. His style of boxing is too well known to need repetition, and was as usual, with the exception that he stood with his left hand higher up, and his body more erect. Holden was the first to make play, by leading off with his left, which was avoided by Lynch, who retreated, hitting short at the same time. Holden, who was very impetuous, forced the fighting by getting well with his left on the mouth, receiving on the chin. This led to exchanges, in which both were busy, Holden getting on the nose and mouth, from which blood was seen trickling, Lynch on the shoulder; after a wild rally, both were down, side by side. First blood claimed and allowed for Holden.

2. Lynch came up bleeding from the nose, and showing a lump on the left forehead; Holden slightly flushed from the fast fighting in the previous round. He forced the fighting by following Lynch (who hit short with his left twice) into his own corner, when he landed his left on the damaged nose. Lynch short in the return twice; they then closed, and after a short struggle, both fibbing, Lynch threw Holden a cross buttock.

3. Holden was dropping from a slight cut over the left eye, Lynch still showing the blood from the nose. Lynch was short with the left twice, Holden getting away. On getting to close quarters, Holden dashed out his left on to the nose, and followed Lynch to his corner, where they closed, and, after some sharp in fighting, Lynch threw Holden cleverly.

4. Lynch came up distilling from the nose, and with the bruise on the forehead enlarged from the exchanges at the finish of the last round; Holden, with the exception of the cut on his eyebrow, was almost scatheless. He was the first to force the fighting, by following Lynch to his own corner; Lynch, as he retreated, hit short with both hands, Holden, in closing, getting well on the nose; Lynch, on the forehead. They then fought to the ropes, where some body blows were exchanged, and Lynch finally threw Holden rather heavily. Time, 6min. 30sec.

5. Holden was the first up to the call of time. Lynch, on meeting him, was short with the left twice. Holden, too impetuous, was also short, as well as missing an upper-cut. They next closed, both getting on the body, until they fought to the ropes, where, after a short struggle, Holden was again thrown.

6. This round was well contested on both sides. Lynch being the first to land a blow on the body, after a couple of short hits on each side. This forced some tremendous hitting right and left on both sides, Holden forcing Lynch into his (the American's) corner, where they closed, and, after a short struggle, Holden threw Lynch, and fell over him.

7. Lynch came up with ugly punishment on the nose and mouth, and his left eye with a lump underneath. Holden had a cut over the right eye, but nothing else to signify. Lynch tried to steal a march by getting his left on to the body, which delivery was very short, Holden succeeding on the ribs. This brought on some right and left exchanges on the head and jaw, Lynch, by a right-hander, staggering Holden, who went back and fell, half from a trip.

8. Lynch was the first up to time, although blowing from the fast fighting; Holden was rather shakey from the right-hander on the jaw. Lynch, who fought well, went in, and several severe blows passed at the head and body, but the youngster forced the "Yankee" into his own corner, where a sharp struggle took place, Lynch evidently throwing Holden; time, 12 min.

9. Holden came up bleeding from the left eye, the cut above the same having been enlarged in the rally; Lynch the same from the nose and mouth. After some sparring—but more for wind than caution—they got to work, Lynch getting on the body twice, Holden on the nose and cheek. Holden, who would force the fighting, followed Lynch into his own corner, where they closed, but renewed the round by breaking away, until Holden rushed in, and some good half-armed fighting followed at the middle stake, until both rolled over the ropes.

10. The same tactics were displayed, Holden going to Lynch's corner to fight, where he had the best of the game at long shots, but on getting close, Lynch was as good as he, by getting on to the left eye, (which was in mourning) the nose, and body. They each fought desperately until they took hold of the ropes to steady themselves, and fell over each other.

11, 12, and 13. These rounds were contested in the same manly style as the previous, Holden following Lynch to his corner, and, although having the best at out fighting, he invariably "caught pepper," in the close to in-fighting, when the exchanges were of great severity on the body and head, until they alternately threw each other at the ropes. Time 19 minutes.

14, 15, 16. Lynch came up with his left eye in mourning, his mouth and nose bleeding, and evidently tired; Holden with his left eye going up, and bleeding from the mouth. These rounds were most gamely contested on both sides, Holden taking a slight lead at out-fighting, forcing Lynch into his corner, where, in every instance, severe exchanges were given and received in the head and body, until they fought to the ropes, where Lynch had the best, from the superior knowledge of the tactics of the game. Holden was busy at the ribs, and scored to go down until thrown. Time, 25 min.

17. Both were slow to time, the severity of the fighting up to this time being of a character seldom witnessed. Lynch's left eye was almost closed, and his nose and mouth exhibited very nasty signs of peppering. Holden's left eye was in mourning, and the right, too, was slightly discolored. Holden was very impetuous in his delivery, as he missed the head with his left and right. He followed Lynch to the ropes, where the exchanges were very severe, until they closed, Lynch throwing Holden a fair cross-buttock.

18. Lynch's eyes were swollen and darkened, and his nose was distilling freely; Holden's left optic was also swollen and bleeding. Holden was the first to lead off, getting well with the left on the nose, drawing blood, and following the Yankee to the ropes; Lynch slipped him, followed by Holden round the ring, and closing, Lynch fell, Holden over him.

19 to 21. In these rounds Holden forced the fighting, getting well on at long shots, with the left on the nose and mouth, administering severe punishment, which Lynch retaliated by forcing exchanges, which were of unusual severity, and continued to the ropes, where Lynch knocked down Holden by a flush hit on the mouth.

22. Both came up blowing; Holden was showing the effects of the last right-hander on the mouth; Lynch had his eyes blackened and mouth out of shape, as well as being weak. Lynch got his left on the cheek, which forced a close, ending in a rattling rally at the ropes, where, after a sharp struggle, both were down, Lynch under. Time, 34 min.

23 to 30. The punishment in these rounds was equally divided, both by degrees getting weaker. Holden, who was much the stronger on his legs, invariably followed Lynch to his corner, and either fought him down, or forced a close at the ropes, where some tremendous exchanges followed, in which Lynch threw Holden, although, in some instances, not heavily. In the thirtieth round Lynch was short on the body, Holden, in return, getting well home in the same quarter and the mouth, but he missed a couple of right-handers, which would have told a tale. Lynch, game as a pebble, forced a close, until he fell.

31 and 32. Holden's eyes were now fast closing, Lynch's apparently following suit, and both lads were gradually getting weaker, but, nevertheless, they kept up the game as merrily as their condition could possibly permit. They delivered left-hand counters with great severity, Holden getting on first; they then closed, and the thirty-second round was finished by both being down, when they were picked up locked together. Time, 54 min.

33 to 35. It was evident that the battle rested, not upon the gameness of the men, but whether the young 'un's eyes would "go up" before he could wear the old 'un out. Holden forced the fighting in every round, receiving a little one as he went in, and in some instances being thrown; but the finish was in favor of Holden, who knocked down Lynch with a right hander on the jaw, after missing three times. Time, 1 hour.

36 to 50. The same tactics were displayed on both sides, Lynch persevering most gamely to extinguish the lamps of the Brum, while Holden was equally busy in trying to finish Lynch. Good counters on both sides, the exchanges when in close quarters being very severe. Holden was gradually having his lights put out, while Lynch was losing all his power. It was evident that could the latter bear up against the onslaughts of the young 'un, that he must win.

51 to 54 and last. Holden came up with scarcely a glimmering of light left him, while Lynch was so weak that he could hardly leave his second's knee; nevertheless, both gamely strove for victory. They countered with the left, and closing, fell nearly side by side. In the last round, Holden got his left on the chin, and closed, succeeding in giving Lynch a back fall, which knocked him out of gear, and not being able to come to "time," Young Holden was declared the winner, after fighting one hour and twenty four minutes.

REMARKS.

It is almost superfluous to append any remarks to the above account, but the fast fighting and the great number of rounds require some slight comment. Holden took a decided lead at the commencement, notwithstanding which Lynch was always there or thereabouts, more especially with his left, although the dashing deliveries of his right were in a great measure wanting. He tried all that nature could serve him to win, and, as a proof of his great gameness, the manner in which he brought the battle to so equal a termination is worthy of all praise. Young Holden, considering that the present affair was his first appearance in public, must be looked upon as something out of the ordinary way, and which will, no doubt, afford great gratification to *the* veteran who was by the ring side! He is a good two-handed fighter, who at some future time will prove a thorn in the side of any one of his weight. His gameness is beyond question, which the manly way he forced the fighting, when blindness was so fast coming on, incontestably proved. A quick transit to the boat was the next move, where a handsome subscription was entered into for the loser, and several gentlemen who were present paid him for his colors the same as if he had won. The manner in which the loser was seconded was the universal theme of admiration. Another ride by boat and train brought the *voyageurs* to the metropolis before dark, all of whom expressed themselves highly delighted with the extraordinary performance of the day.

THE RING IN AUSTRALIA
FIGHT BETWEEN JOE BAMBROOK AND MO THOMAS, FOR £100.
From Bell's Life in Victoria, Oct. 12.

In accordance with the articles agreed to by them, these men met on Tuesday last, to fight at catch weight, for £50 a side. This is the second game of a rubber destined to be played by these men, and arose from an ardent desire on the part of Bambrook to wipe out the stain of a previous defeat at the hands of Thomas.

Joe Bambrook was born in Birmingham, in 1828, weighs in condition about 9st 4lb, and had never previous to his first fight with Thomas (referred to below), appeared in the P.R. Since that period he has frequently stated his intention of again meeting Mo., and his confident expectation that when the day arrived for a new trial the verdict would be reversed. Whether he was justified in his sanguine anticipations we will now proceed to show.

Mo. Thomas, or more correctly speaking, Moses Thomas, is about forty-four years of age, and through from his patronymic our readers might suppose him to be of Hebrew descent, such is not the case. He was born in a forest in Hampshire, where he passed his childhood as wild and uncultivated as the rabbits for which his native county has long been celebrated, and we think he may claim kindred with the Zingaree, rather than the Mosaic population of England. The state of nature in which he passed the earlier years of his life had the advantage of being conducive to rude health, and accounts for the stamina for which he has always been distinguished in his contests, both in this colony and at home. The rudiments of his art were acquired, we believe, from David Hayes, when the latter was on a visit to Southampton; and we have every reason to believe that Mo. rapidly distanced his master in his knowledge of the science of attack and defence. Though he had numerous turns up, the first attempt at a pitched battle was with Batchellor, of Southampton, with whom he successfully flashed his maiden sword. On June 10, following, 1845, he fought and beat the Portsmouth Pet, for £10 a side. He was then taken to London by Jack Jones, of Portsmouth, with the intention of backing him against Charley Mallett, then the poet laureate of the London ring, but the latter was at the time matched against the celebrated Jemmy Welsh, and "Thomas of Portsmouth," as he was called, was content with beating Harry Milbury, a cousin of Dan Dismore, for a small stake. Having a quarrel with Alec Keene, then the champion of his weight, 9st 7lb, they agreed to fight it out; and though the latter had a great advantage in height, weight, and science, he was unable to make Thomas cry peccavi. After a desperate fight of half an hour, in which Thomas got second best, the men were parted. Our little hero, however, showed the most obdurate pluck, and fought with great pertinacity under difficulties. He arrived in this colony in 1854, and tried to get matched against Trowden, the Liverpool Sailor Boy; but the friends of the latter had seen Thomas operate with the gloves, and were "scared." In '57 we find him matched against Jemmy Palmer for £50 a side. The fight came off on the Ballarat race course, on the 26th of March, and after a slashing fight of ten minutes, Palmer was knocked out of time. Soon after this affair, Joe Bambrook, his present opponent, took up the cudgels, and a match was made for a half century a side. They met at Bullarook Forest, in the vicinity of Ballarat, on the 2d of June, '57, and after a game fight of over an hour, in which forty-two good rounds were got through, Joe was beaten by fair thumping. Since then Thomas has confined his attention to other callings than prize fighting.

The principals have both been located for some time in the vicinity of Redbank, and an offer by Joe Bambrook to fight any one of his weight in that district—evidently intended as a challenge to his former opponent—resulted in a sov. being staked for Thomas to fight him for £50 a side. The deposits were made at various hotels at Redbank and Mountain Creek, and the doubts as to whether Joe Bambrook meant to go on with the affair were gradually dispelled. From a variety of causes, however, the departure of his moneyed friends for Otago being the principal one, Thomas had to visit the township to get the weekly deposits oftener than was desirable during his training; he nevertheless took every pains to get right, and avoided, as much as possible, the temptations incidental to his visits. Joe Bambrook availed himself of the hospitality of "Barn-door Eve," about six miles from Redbank, where he took every care to get himself up to the mark. On the morning of Tuesday last, we started from Mountain Creek, (or Moogambel, as it is now called) and, after a pleasant drive of six miles, we arrived at the training quarters of Bambrook, where we met many old ring-goers and residents of the district, all intent upon visiting the scene of action. Having refreshed the inner man, and obtained the information and directions necessary to enable us to find the convincing ground, which we ascertained to be distant about six miles, we continued our journey. The latter part of our excursion was through a miserably swampy country, and once our conveyance was almost carried away by the overflowing of the Avoca river. After getting through a succession of bogs, we arrived at a splendid flat to the westward of one of Mr Hugh Glass' stations; a place better adapted for the purpose of the meeting we have seldom seen. The ring was formed about five hundred yards from the Nutty Yalloc Hotel. Soon after our arrival, we were glad to see Mo. Thomas throw his castor into the ring, an example which was followed soon afterwards by Joe Bambrook, the latter having Jem Sullivan and a veteran as seconds; Thomas being attended by two well-known friends. Bambrook's colors were his usual blue bird's eye, and Thomas's a brown ground with a bright orange border. From half past one till nearly three o'clock were the umpires quibbling as to a referee, and, notwithstanding that there were plenty of well-known sportsmen present who were above suspicion as to partiality, they eventually chose a stranger to both, with the probability of his not understanding even the rules of the ring. When, however, this difficulty had been surmounted, the men instantly commenced to peel, and everything being arranged, at five minutes past three commenced

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. Thomas, probably owing to procrastinating the hard work of his training till nearly the last week, presented a much more aged appearance than on any previous occasion, and was thinner than we expected; his muscles, though developed, were much less than in his previous fights. Bambrook, being of a bilious temperament, and of a saturnine complexion, never shows the ruddy hue of health; he nevertheless proved that he had got rid of every ounce of superfluous flesh. Though Bambrook was the taller, and consequently stood over his antagonist, his stooping gait in sparring brought them nearly to a level. After a very short time passed in sparring, Thomas tried a short hit with his left to try his man, and received in return slightly on the kisser, drawing just the color of the carmine. (*First blood* awarded to Bambrook.) This led to some rapid exchanges, a close, and both down.

2. Both busy, Thomas trying to bother his opponent by feinting and stepping back. When he had kidded Joe to counter, he delivered a well-meant upper-cut, but his opponent's arms being in the way, it was not so effective as intended; but, persevering, Mo. got well home on Joe's daylight, who returned ding-dong, and after some good fighting, Bambrook fell from a severe hit on the nut.

3. On coming to the scratch, both showed marks of the last round. Thomas was the first to commence hostilities, by dashing out his left on Joe's conk, who returned with his right on Mo.'s cheek. The exchanges, in which both got home, were so rapid, that where they were administered could scarcely be seen. The round was ended by Thomas fighting Bambrook to his knees.

4. Both came to the scratch eagerly, at the call of time. Thomas, as usual, was the first to lead off, endeavoring to get on Joe's smeller, but the latter was wary. After feinting and breaking ground for about half a minute, Mo. tried his left on Joe's dial, who returned heavily on the victualling department. Mutual fibbing, and Thomas down.

5. Although both men came up with bellows to mend, yet neither showed any severe marks of punishment. Bambrook led off with his left, which Thomas avoided by retiring. Joe then rushed in with both hands, and bored Thomas to his corner. Good counter hits, in which Bambrook was met heavily, and a lively rally till the old 'un slipped.

6. On coming from his corner, the ruby was seen distilling from the cheek of Bambrook. After some sparring, Thomas slipped in, retiring from an attempt by Joe. ("Go in and fight him, Joe, he's weak.") This was replied to by a smile from Thomas, followed by a straight hit in the old style on Bambrook's right ogle; the latter rushed in, and again bored Thomas to the ropes, where another good exhibition of in-fighting took place, which ended by Bambrook being fought down.

7. Thomas commenced operations by leading off on Bambrook's damaged cheek. Rapid exchanges followed, but it was evident that both men were out of wind, and little mischief was done. Thomas fought Bambrook to earth.

8. Very similar to the last, and in favor of Thomas.

9. Thomas, after measuring his distance, led off sharply with the left, got home on the old sore, and followed this success up with a lively rally, till both men fell side by side.

10 and last. Thomas again got on to the damaged cheek and peeper, but received on his gob. Bambrook then rushed in and forced the fighting in Thomas' corner, where, after some rapid in-fighting, Joe fell, and while down—only just down—Thomas struck him on the cranium. A claim of "foul" by Sullivan for Bambrook, was decided by the referee against Thomas, and Bambrook, after a contest of thirty minutes, was declared the winner.

REMARKS.

As is usual, a rush was made by the friends of each party to the referee, but he refused to alter his decision. There can be very little doubt that a blow was struck, and that while Bambrook was down, but the most minute observer could only say that he was barely down. We have upon a previous occasion admired both men's fair and straightforward manner of fighting, and there can be no doubt that the unfortunate blow was purely accidental. However, as the referee gave a decision against Thomas, he had to bear it with the best grace possible. Bambrook has improved since his last fight with Thomas, his deliveries being quicker, and his mode of fighting different; but to become an experienced boxer he has a deal to learn. As it was a frightfully wet day, as soon as the fight was over, horsemen and carts were seen wending their way towards home.

THE JUNIOR BASE BALL CONVENTION.—The first annual meeting of the delegates to this convention was held on the evening of Dec. 28, at their rooms, corner of Jeralemon and Court streets, Brooklyn. At the call of the roll, delegates from twelve clubs answered to their names. The election of officers resulted in the selection of the following:—

President, C D Walker, of the Active Club.
Vice President, E K Ranson, of the Niagara Club.
Recording Secretary, B A Chilton, of the Waverley Club.
Corresponding Secretary, C A King, of the Juniata Club.
Treasurer, D Manson, of the Mystic Club.

The President appointed the following as a

COMMITTEE ON RULES AND REGULATIONS.

Names.	*Clubs.*	*Names.*	*Clubs.*
D W Walker	Active	T F Norwood	Oraton
E K Ranson	Niagara	J Rofkan	Jackson
T Van Antwerp	Juniata	T F Clark	Mohawk
B Mahoney	Benicia Boy	D Manson	Mystic
J A Regan	Nassau	J Snodgrass	Perry

NOMINATING COMMITTEE.

C D Walker, C S Bloomfield, J Curry, G Snow.

ON CHAMPIONSHIP.

N B Cruden, J J Amory, C S Glover, J D Hammond, G Chappell.

The Mohawk Club was, by consent, allowed to change its name to Perry. The time for holding the convention was changed from December to April. Section 31 was changed to read as follows:—

Section 31. "The Umpire in any match shall determine when play shall be suspended; and if the game cannot be concluded it shall be decided by the last even innings, provided five innings have been played, and the party having the greatest number of runs shall be declared the winner, except as provided in the annexed subdivisions, viz., if an innings is entered upon, and both parties have been at the bat, and those last at the bat have the greatest number of runs when the play is suspended, they shall be declared the winners."

After Section 34 was added, "or by the rules of the Senior Association, in which case he must be made acquainted with the rules and give his decisions accordingly."

After Section 37 was added, "or should any of the players on the 'outside' hand purposely delay the game either by *mispitching* or *losing* the ball, the Umpire shall give *warning*, when if the practice is *persisted* in, he shall stop the game, and decide it in favor of the club having the 'inside.'"

The following clubs were admitted as members of the association:—
Passaic, of Newark;
Mohawk, of Brooklyn;
Jackson, of Williamsburgh;
Washington, of Rochester.

The following is the list of clubs and their directors:—

NEW YORK CLUBS.

Clubs.	*Representatives.*	*Clubs.*	*Representatives.*
Active	C D Walker, J J Amory.	Mystic	D Manson, C S Glover, Jr.
Juniata	C E King, T Van Antwerp.		

BROOKLYN CLUBS.

Nassau	J Reagan,	Pocahontas	J Currie, C E Quincey.
Niagara	E K Danson, J D Hammond.	Waverly	G Chappell, B A Chilton.
Benicia Boy	B Mahony, J Shaffer.	Mohawk	T F Clark, Wm Godfrey.

CLUBS IN OTHER CITIES.

Oraton, of Newark—T F Norwood, ——.
Passaic, of Newark—E S Bloomfield, ——.
Washington, of Rochester—Mr. ——, ——.
Jackson, of Williamsburgh—J R Rofkan, A Louangna.
Monmouth, of Hoboken—H C Hibbard, A B Crudea.
Perry, of Hoboken—J Snodgrass, G Snow.

A motion was carried that the annual meeting be called on the 4th, 1862, the place of holding at the option of the President and Committee. April 1 and

METAIRIE RACES.—NEW ORLEANS.

Official Summary of the Winter Meeting of 1861, of the Jockey Club of the State of Louisiana. Metairie

TUESDAY, Dec. 10, 1861.—Heats of three miles. Purse, $700.

D F Kenner's b h Panic, by imp Glencoe, out of Sally Morgan, 4 yrs old 1 1

T J Wells' ch c Neil Robinson, by Wagner, out of Belle Lewis, 4 yrs old 2 2

First Heat.	Time.	Second Heat.	Time.
First mile	1:51¾	First mile	2:04½
Second mile	1:49¾	Second mile	1:52¾
Third mile	1:53¼	Third mile	1:56½
Total	5:34¾	Total	5:53¾

WEDNESDAY, Dec. 11, 1861.—Single dash of two miles. Purse, $250.

T J Wells' b c Uncle True, by Lexington out of Edith, 3 yr old .. 1

W J Minor's ch f Regret, by Brown Dick, out of Temptation, 3 yr old 2

D F Kenner's bl f by imp. Albion, dam unknown, 3 yr old 3

H B Foley's ch c by Lexington, out of Minnie Mansfield, 3 yr old. 4

A L Bingaman's b c Tom Reddy, by Scythian, out of Nancy Perkins, 3 yr old ..... dr

Time, first mile, 1:52; second mile 1:46½. — Total, 3:38½.

SAME DAY.—Heats of one mile.—Purse, $500.

W J Minor's ch c Ben West, by Vandyke, out of But-Cut, 3 yr old 1 1

D F Kenner's b c Frank Cheatham, by imp Albion, dam by Leviathan, 3 yr old 2 2

A L Bingaman's b f Melita, by Lexington, out of Motto, 3 yr old 3 3

Time, 1:45½; 1:48¾.

THURSDAY, Dec. 12, 1861.—Heats of one mile, best three in five. Purse, $500.

W J Minor's ch c Equinox, by Mahomed, out of Nelly Harding, 3 yr old 1 1 1

D F Kenner's bl f by imp Albion, dam unknown, 3 yr old.... 2 2 2

Time, 1:46; 1:47½; 1:48.

FRIDAY, Dec. 13, 1861.—Heats of two miles. Purse, $500

W J Minor's ch c Ben West, by Vandyke, out of But-Cut, 3 yr old 1 1

T J Wells's b c

SPORTS! SPORTS!
EXERCISE! EXERCISE! EXERCISE!

NEW YORK CLIPPER,

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	Curling,	Game Fowl,	&c., &c., &c.

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FRANK QUEEN, Editor and Proprietor.
No. 29 Ann street, New York.

NEW YORK CLIPPER.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 18, 1862.

NOTICE TO SUBSCRIBERS.—Subscribers receiving their papers, in colored wrappers, will please understand that their terms of subscription have expired.

THE BASE BALL SEASON OF 1861.

CONTINUED.

On the 29th of Aug., the first match this season between the Mystic and Constellation clubs was played, on the Putnam grounds, the latter winning, after a well contested game, by a score of 16 to 14. Lockwood made the best score, getting 3 runs and 2 outs; C Glover's score of 2 runs and 2 outs, including a home run, being the best on the Mystic side.

On the 2d of September, the Empire and Jefferson clubs had a match together, on which occasion the Jeffersons obtained a creditable victory by a score of 25 to 15. Goldie made the score of the match, getting 5 runs and 1 out, including a home run; Miller making the best score on the Empire side, he getting 4 runs and 1 out.

On the 3d of September, the Mutua's had a trial of skill with the Eagles, the result being a decided triumph for the Mutuals, although the Eagles had a stronger nine than they had when they played the Eckfords. They did not score a run in six innings out of the nine played, the Mutuals winning by a score of 18 to 7. Hurst, of the Mutuals, led the score, making 5 runs and 1 out; Gates getting 3 runs—of the 7 made—and 2 outs, on the Eagle side.

On September 5th, the Exercise club had their first match with the Eckford, and after a well contested game, the latter proved the victors, by a score of 27 to 29. Brown, of the Eckfords, made the score of the match, getting 4 runs and 2 outs, including a home run; Galvin making the same score—barring the home run—on the Exercise side.

On the 7th of September, a very interesting match was played between the Favorita club and the St. George Cricket club, the latter winning by a score of 30 to 10. Robinson made the score of the match, getting 5 runs and 1 out; Slocum's score of 2 runs and 1 out being the best on the Favorita side. In regard to this match, we have to state that the St. George club deserves credit for the introduction of base ball on their grounds this season, as it is calculated to benefit cricket by the friendly intercourse it brings about.

On the 10th of Sept., the return game between the Hamilton and Enterprise clubs, of Brooklyn, took place, the result being a victory for the Enterprise, by a score of 41 to 23. O'Niel made the fine score of 8 runs and 1 out, including a home run; Kip's clean score with 6 runs being the best on the Hamilton side. Start, of the Enterprise, also made a clean score, with 6 runs, two of which were home runs.

On Sept. 13th, the Eckfords visited Newark, and there encountered the noted Eureka of that town, returning victorious, after a finely contested game of 9 innings, by a score of 11 to 9. Woods, of the Eckfords, and Brentnal, of the Eurekas, each scored 3 runs and 1 out, these being the best scores on each side.

On Sept. 14th, the Atlantic and Exercise clubs played their return game, the result being another victory for the "champions," by a score of 36 to 14. Joe Oliver led the score, getting 6 runs and 1 out, including a home run; Massey's score of 3 runs and 2 outs being the best on the Exercise side.

On the same day, the Resolute and Niagara clubs played their return game on the latter's grounds, which was not as pleasant a contest as it might have been, owing to the game being "run into the dark," the result being decided by the last even innings played, the victory remaining with the Niagaras by a score of 21 to 19. Taylor, of the Resolutes, led the score, getting 4 runs and no outs; Weeks' 4 runs and 1 out, including a home run, being the best on the Niagara side.

The same day, too, the Constellation and Juniata clubs had a match together, the latter being badly defeated, by a score of 6 to 41. Moore, of the Constellation, led the score, getting 7 runs and 2 outs; Speckels, of the other side, getting 2 runs and 1 out.

On the 16th of Sept., the Eckfords experienced a defeat at the hands of the Newark club, on the occasion of the return game between them, the latter winning by a score of 25 to 24. Grum led the score, getting 4 runs and no outs; Conway and Goldthwaite each scoring 4 runs and 2 outs on the Newark side.

On the 21st of September, one of the most singular matches ever played took place on the St. George Cricket Ground, on the occasion of the benefit of Harry Wright, of that club; the contest being between nine picked ball players, and eighteen players, nine of whom were members of different ball clubs and nine of the St. George cricket club. The nine allowed the eighteen to have six outs to an innings, instead of three; the whole eighteen also going into the field, presenting a somewhat novel appearance in a ball match. This was great odds to battle against, and considering that nine of the eighteen were composed of leading players from the Mutual, Gotham, Jefferson, Harlem, and Knickerbocker clubs, few expected that the minority side would be successful; but they were, for they actually defeated the eighteen by a score of 45 to 16. The splendid catching of Pearce, and pitching of Creighton, together with the fine fielding of Flanly, Pennington, and others of the nine, mainly contributing to the creditable result. Creighton made the score of the match, getting 7 runs, and but one out, including a home run. Pearce also scored 6 runs, two of which were home runs, one of which was made by the finest hit we ever saw made, we think. Burns' score of 2 runs and one out was the best on the eighteen side, though H. B Taylor made the best hit, getting a home run from it. The nine cricketers scored but 5 runs out of the 16. Eight innings were played, the game occupying but a little over three hours in playing. Next season a picked nine from the ball clubs are to play a selected eighteen from among the most active fielders of the cricket clubs, and it will no doubt be one of the most interesting matches of the season.

On September 23d, a match was played at Hoboken between two nines, one of which was selected from the clubs occupying the north ball grounds at Hoboken, and the other from those who play on the south grounds. From the list of players selected to take part in this contest, quite an interesting and well-played game was expected, but it turned out to be a rather tame affair. The players from the north ground were chosen from the Mutual and Gotham clubs, their opponents being selected from the Eagle and Empire. The former won easily by a score of 19 to 9. McKeever, of the Gotham club, led the score, getting 4 runs and 1 out; Brinckerhoff, of the Eagles, getting 3 runs and 1 out, including a home run, the best score on the other side. It was the arrangement of this match that suggested to us that of the "Silver Ball contest."

On September 24th, the Eagle and Jefferson clubs played together, the result being a victory for the Jeffersons, who have been very successful this season. The score was 22 to 18. Brinckerhoff and Salesbury each scored 4 runs and 1 out on the part of the Eagles; Goldie getting 4 runs and 2 outs, including a home run, for the Jeffersons, the best scores of the match.

On September 26th, the return game between the Empire and Henry Eckford clubs was played at Hoboken, in the presence of the most numerous assemblage seen at Hoboken up to the date of the match. The victory was on the side of the Henry Eckfords, the Empires not playing with their usual ability. The score was 18 to 9; Stephens, of the Henry Eckford, leading the score, he getting 4 runs and 1 out. Thomas, of the Empire, made the best score on his side, by getting 3 runs and 1 out.

On September 26th, the Enterprise and Mutuals had a match together, the Mu uals winning by a score of 33 to 21. Brown led the score, getting 6 runs and one out; Martha and O'Neil each getting 4 runs and two outs for the Enterprise side.

On October 1st, the Eckford and Exercise clubs played their return game, the result being another victory for the Eckfords by a score of 27 to 12. Manoli made the score, getting 5 runs and 2 outs; Hough, of the Exercise, making 2 runs and one out, the best on that side.

On October 2d, the Favorita and Satellite clubs had a contest, the latter being cricketers. The Favoritas won easily by a score of 32 to 10; Allen led the score, getting 7 runs and one out; Till, of the Satellite, making the best score on that side by his score of 3 runs and one out.

On October 3d, a finely-played contest was had between the Star and Hamilton clubs, of Brooklyn, the score being but 9 to 6, nine innings being played. The victory was with the Stars. Forken, of the Stars, made the best score, getting 3 runs and one out; Mundell's score of 2 runs and 2 outs being the best on the other side.

On the same day a match took place between the Atlantic and Mutual clubs, at Hoboken, which attracted considerable attention, on account of its being the first contest between them this season. The play of the Mutuals had been so good, and thus far they had been so successful, that it was fully expected the Atlantics would have had a considerable task to win a ball from them, and the result proved it, for the Mutuals won by a score of 23 to 18. The Atlantics played as poorly as the Mutuals played well, and resorted to the bad practice of changing the position of their players nearly every innings. Mott and R Seinroth led the scores of their respective sides, each scoring 3 runs and 2 outs.

On October 4th, the Enterprise played their return game with the Eckfords, and achieved their first victory over that first-class club by the close score of 20 to 19. Chapman led the score, getting 5 runs and one out; Grum's score of 4 runs and 2 outs being the best on the Eckford side.

On the same day the Resolute and Oriental clubs had a match together, the result of which was a victory for the Resolutes by a score of 26 to 22. M. Rogers made the best score of the match, getting 5 runs and 2 outs; Russell's score of 3 runs and one out being the best on the Oriental side.—[To be continued.

SKETCHES OF LONDON.

LONDON LIFE AND LONDON SPORTSMEN

BY NED JAMES,
SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT OF THE NEW YORK CLIPPER.

NUMBER TWO.

CONTINUED.

GENERAL OBSERVATIONS OF LONDON STREET LIFE, ETC.

Saturday morning, the 12th, turning out fine, and knowing my way to the Strand, I ventured to look about, previous to going to Chalk Farm, as performances didn't commence until three o'clock P.M. Passing over London Bridge and up King William street, (where stands a granite statue of William IV, erected in 1844,) the stranger suddenly comes upon an open space, out of which seven different streets either take their commencement or end. Here in close proximity are the Royal Exchange, Bank of England, Mansion House, and equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, by Sir Francis Chantrey.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE is where all the financial business is transacted. There is a clock-tower on the east end with a set of chimes of seventeen bells; in the centre of the colonnade is a marble statue of the Queen, and one of its founder, Sir Thomas Gresham; a gilt grasshopper, the Gresham crest, is placed on an eminence so as to be conspicuously seen on passing. Inside, among other offices, are Lloyd's subscription rooms, the centre of all shipping intelligence, where the business of the Marine Insurance is carried on through the medium of underwriters.

THE BANK OF ENGLAND occupies an area of eight acres; within this space are nine open courts, which afford light to the various offices, there being no windows on the exterior of the building. The main clock indicates the time on sixteen dials.

THE MANSION HOUSE is the palace of the Lord Mayor during his year of office; the interior is splendidly decorated and furnished. The chief city police courts are held in the justice room, generally presided over by the Lord Mayor.

Going along the Poultry and along Cheapside, ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL comes full in view. It is situate on a rather elevated spot of ground at the top of Ludgate Hill, on the site of a former cathedral, which was destroyed in 1666. The corner stone of the present cathedral was laid on the 21st of June, 1675, by Christopher Wren, the architect, who lived to see his son, thirty-five years afterwards, deposit the highest stone. The total cost was £747 954. The plan of St. Paul's bears a general resemblance to that of St. Peter's at Rome, but is very inferior to it both in size and decorations; its dimensions are 500 feet in length and 250 in breadth. The pediment of the portico is sculptured with the Conversion of St. Paul, in high relief; on the apex is a colossal figure of St. Paul; and on either hand are similar statues of St Peter, St. James, St. Matthew, St. Mark, St Luke, and St. John. On either side are two campanile towers, 222 feet high, one used for the clock, the other as a belfry. In the dome is the famous Whispering Gallery, where the slightest whisper uttered against the wall on one side will be heard on applying the ear to the point opposite. Over the lantern, which is above the dome, is the golden ball, six feet two inches in diameter, capable of containing eight persons; its weight is 5600 lbs. The cross surmounting the whole is solid, and weighs 3360 lbs. The clock beats dead seconds; the length of pendulum fourteen feet, and the weight is equal to one cwt. The great bell weighs four tons and a quarter, and is ten feet in diameter; this bell is never tolled except at the death and funeral of members of the royal family, or of the bishops or Lord Mayor of London. Forty-four of England's illustrious dead are commemorated by monuments, the chief of whom are Lord Nelson, Lord Howe, Dr. Johnson, Sir R. Abercrombie, and the Iron Duke, all of whose ashes repose here. The exterior of the cathedral is black, dirty, and ancient, and when any repairs are needed, the contrast between the color of materials is very remarkable. Like all the other curiosities, much of the interest is lost by its smoke-begrimed appearance, but the interior, with floor of marble squares, numerous pillars, magnificent dome, with the variety of monuments, is solemnly grand. I was disappointed in not being able to prolong my visit. To see all the interior costs "three and two pence," but the main body is free.

In the Strand stands SOMERSET HOUSE, an imposing structure erected in 1776. It is principally used for government offices, as the Admiralty, Inland Revenue, Auditing, Registrar General of Births, Marriages, and Deaths, Society of Antiquarians, and the Astronomical, Geographical, and Geological Societies; part of it is also occupied for the use of Kings College, which was granted in 1833. It has a fine entrance, standing in which is a statue of George III, with old Father Thames at his feet.

Sauntering along, the eye meets many strange scenes, but the most remarkable are the numerous men in uniform always to be seen. To describe the different dress of the soldiers would take a book alone, but personally they all have the impression that they are somebody; with a little square cap set on a line with where the hair divides, ferocious cat whiskers and moustache, tight fitting red jacket or coat, and twirling a cheap cane, they are deuced grand in their own estimation. The postmen wear a black coat trimmed with red cord, grey pants and red stripe, with their number on the coat collar; in winter a cloak is worn, similar in general style to the coat. The railroad porters have a suit of black corduroy, jacket, pants, and cap, with a badge on the left arm, also one on the cap. Railroad police have also a slight difference, so as to be known from other police, as well as the Public Carriage attendants. Bootblacks even conform to the "livery" system with their red and yellow worsted jackets, and breastplates, telling they belong to the London Ragged School Society. Telegraph messengers, commissioners, hearse drivers, the volunteer riflemen, etc., are all labeled ready for use. The most notable feature of London, however, is the thousands of stages, cabs, and carts, continually taking up every inch of the streets without accident. There are not a dozen streets in the city to be compared with any of the New-York avenues, yet the amount of traffic is enormous. If you get on a "bus," and look ahead, every minute you expect to crush the life out of some pedestrian, or run the pole through some slow-coach in front, or take the wheel off a "trap" (as the light wagons are called) coming opposite; but with all this anxiety there isn't even a blind man hurt, the drivers are so skillful. I've seen some natty boys on Broadway and the Bloomingdale Road handle the ribbons—but they have their equal in the cabbies and coachees of London, however; this everybody must admit who has seen the place. There is also very little slipping down of horses, owing to the paving stones being long and narrow, similar in shape to a brick, which gives the animals a good foothold. Much of the credit, in intricate navigation, is owing to Mr. Whiplash, for I never saw a single exception in carrying "the gad;" perhaps they are not actually cruel, but the Jehu's do "lay on" as they scud along. The "bus" men always salute each other with a lofty flourish of the whip, and invariably make the beasts understand that fact in a very striking manner. These chaps have lots of gab in their way, full of chaff for an opposition driver, and not backward in making "joskins" of anybody. Their seat is slightly elevated from the forward bench, putting them at least a foot higher than the parties each side, and they look upon foot passengers as very much "beneath their notice." There are probably forty different stage companies, all with different routes; the stages, besides interior arrangements for a dozen, have a double row of seats on top, sitting back to back, or the whole length, capable of holding a dozen more; the conductor has a small step to stand upon, and a strap for holding on to, bawling out his route in a peculiarly indistinct manner, altogether unintelligible to every body but the cockneys. He, like the driver, wears a badge slung over the shoulder, and sings out in Greek when picking up a customer—knocking the top with his fist as the signal to start again. These chaps are rare flash customers; with hardly any salary, they always have the latest fashions, except the usual "blue bird's eye" neckerchief twice round minus a shirt collar, and evidently feel their own importance. Two, three, and sometimes four horses are used to propel the omnibus, and whereas some routes you can go six miles for "threppence," others don't take you six blocks at the same rates; they have three fares, 3d, 4d, and 6d, for certain distances, and after eight o'clock Sundays, full fare. It takes many months to understand these things, and I full fare. Have found most of it out since leaving there, like a good many others, paying dearly for the little experience received when in London. The hansoms are gay looking affairs, with the driver perched up behind, while the front is all open, so as to see and be seen; there is no room for luggage, and just enough to seat two comfortably. All the "nobs" indulge in hansoms, though it is rarely a lady ever uses them unless in company. The cabs also drive a good trade, being cheaper than the former; for one or two persons they charge six-pence per mile, while the hansoms are entitled to eightpence; only one horse is used for either, but the cab nags don't live half the time of a hansom, because they draw three or four times the amount. Strangers with plenty of the "needful" invariably take cabs for going about as the drivers know all over, are willing to go any distance, and will leave the person within an inch of the stated place. Inside the rates are printed, with other particulars as to luggage, etc. In crossing the numerous bridges over the river, all lumber wagons, coal carts, etc., that are walked along, have to keep close to the side-walk, so as not to block up the streets—all keeping to the left hand side. Of the cartman's peculiarity in dress, no better guide exists than *Punch*—all his caricatures of Englishmen being to the life, without a particle of exaggeration. Cloaks, coats, jackets, smocks, sleeved vests, aprons, bags, pants, knee-breeches, leather leggings, clogs, boots, brogues, hats and caps of a hundred styles may be seen by standing half an hour on any thoroughfare. The most eccentric, however, are the coal men, with their yard of harness attached to a "sou'wester," short smocks, knee breeches, and clogs; they, like all cart drivers, walk alongside, with a whip carried "shoulder-arms" fashion, talking continually to their horses, who seem to understand every word. Their long peak is very useful, as the coal here is delivered in sacks, which have to be carried from the cart; the "harness" thus saves the clothing. It is only the "cabbies" who luxuriate in cloaks with a dozen capes laid one on top of the other, but they are first-rate things for rainy weather, never getting wet through in a week's storm. The draught-horses are wonders of size, strength and endurance, with massive chests; the hair is allowed to grow about their pasterns and hocks at random, for good reasons, perhaps; but I never heard it explained. To get rid of describing anything more, I will refer to those three matchless animals belonging to Silas Herring, the Safe man, and used single-file to draw his wares from the factory to the sales-room; these are a superior specimen of the cart-horses here, and their harness is to match, except carrying a net-full of hay, fastened so as to be "get-at-able" whenever his horseship feels hungry.

The London street cries are altogether too numerous to mention; there is not a single street free from beggars and peddlers; the only restriction upon them is that they are not allowed to stand, but have to keep moving continually when an "M. P." heaves in sight; to manage this, the hucksters have a kind of wheelbarrow constructed so as to pick up the handles and walk at a moment's notice; these hand-carts, loaded with fruits, etc., are used principally by the "roughs," who have no trade. Great, burly fellows go about singing ballads and songs, like unto the bulls of Bashan for blowing powers, and the burden of their lay is generally some convict's experience, or "The Young Man From the Country," etc. Wretched-looking females, with eyes upturned, chant Methodist hymn tunes till towards midnight, when their note is changed to things more earthly. Strapping, healthy-looking girls peddle fruit, whips, combs, rings, newspapers, shoe-laces, walnuts, and a hundred other odds and ends. Blind couples are also numerous, and are really objects of pity; sometimes with a tin whistle, flute, concertina, and a little dog to lead, they travel the thickest parts of London without a mishap, at all hours, which seems the more strange, as all beggars have to take the carriage road. In the by streets, jugglers, tumblers, stilt performers, acting monkeys, nigger minstrels, dancing fools, Punch and Judy shows, etc., hold forth, and in a street off the Strand, I noticed a repulsive looking woman, surrounded by half a dozen dogs, who were supposed to be accompanying her song by a miscellaneous howl; anything, in fact, to earn a penny. The street youths were "Pico" mad, every little urchin owning a little tin whistle, and blowing the same incessantly when out of doors; for impudence the street youths cannot be beat anywhere, with all deference to the newsboys and shoeblacks of New York. A prevalent idea exists, that American-born children of the middling and poorer classes are paragons of sauciness, and entirely regardless of paternal influence; but I can see no great difference between London precocity and New York fastness; the first, in addition to assurance, is an adept in slang terms, and talks another language among his own class to that spoken home or at the office—that is, in pronunciation and distortion of words; the second merely imitates the fast man by learning to smoke, chew, run to fires, tend theatres, and the like, perhaps hankering more for the bad traits than otherwise; of the two, Americans invariably turn out the cleverest *men*, getting rid of their vices as they grow older in years. Another peculiarity of the English people is their empty curiosity; it is a proverb how easily a crowd may be got together by any trivial thing in large cities with you, but strange to say, the mania is even worse here; for hours the people will stand gaping at a dancing monkey or Punch and Judy concern with amazement. I was witness to an example by a chap stooping to look through a cellar grating over the way from my ranche; another one stopped to see what he was looking at, and one by one they increased, till the street was impassable; I also stepped out and made inquiries, but no one knew anything, heard anything, nor could they tell whether anything was the matter—yet they waited from mere curiosity until the police had to disperse them. In walking the streets it is amusing to watch the countrymen getting jostled from side to side through ignorance of the established custom, to keep always on the right side of the footpath—nothing is more remarked than this in the narrow, crowded business marts, especially in the Strand, but carried away in gazing at the shops and their wares I find myself away past the *Life's* establishment, and looking up at Bow Bell's church, I am reminded of my engagement at half-past two for a visit to Chalk Farm, some few miles from the city, where the first opening of Tom Sayers' Champion Circus takes place.—To be continued.

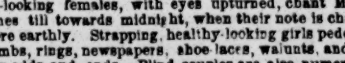
THE GAME OF CHESS.

CHESS BOOKS FOR SALE.—We have for sale the following Chess works, which we will forward *post paid* at the prices named:—CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT, 18mo. pp. 216, edited by Miron J. Hazeltine, Esq., 75 cents. BEADLE'S DIME CHESS INSTRUCTOR, pp. 80, by the same, 10 cents. MIRON'S BLANK DIAGRAMS, $1 per 100. Address CLIPPER OFFICE, 29 Ann street, N. Y."

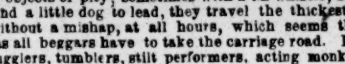
ENIGMA No. 311.

End Game in actual play in Liverpool.

BY MR. FOERSCHMANN.



at QB4, K Kt 8, K B 7, K R 3d.



at his R 3, Q 3, K R 2, K Kt 6, K B 3d.

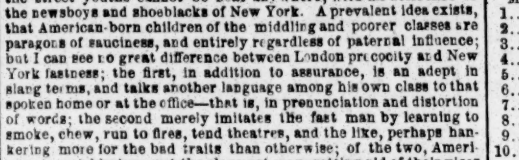
White, having to play, mates in three moves.

PROBLEM No. 311.

A brilliant End Game, from "CLIPPER CHESS PROBLEM TOURNAMENT."

BY THEO. M. BROWN.

WHITE.—(J. S. B.)



BLACK.—(T. M. Brown.)

Black, having to play, announced mate in six moves.

MR. PAULSEN AT MANCHESTER, ENG.

At the close of his arduous struggle with Herr Kolisch in London, Mr. Paulsen visited Manchester, where a perfect ovation was accorded him. Before leaving, he performed one of his "blindfold" feats, in one respect more marvellous than any attempted, even by himself. At the first setting in of the club, with *ten* antagonists, he played 21 moves and received the replies, finishing only one, Mr. Stanley's. The games were then adjourned, and as the next day was set apart for the complimentary dinner of the club to Mr. P., the games were not resumed till the second day. One of the contestants, Mr. Birch, was then so unwell as to be unable to resume his game, and one, Mr. Leresche, immediately secured a draw, so that seven games were really taken up. Mr. Stanley says:—"The bare possibility of any human being retaining in his memory all the complications incident to the conducting of nine several games, during 21 moves, for a period of two days, and then without sight of board or men resuming play at each, appeared scarcely to enter the imagination of any one present. All skepticism, however, was dissipated, when Mr. P., resuming his seat as formerly with his back to the players, announced his 22d move to each of his antagonists." The resignation of Mr. Beaver was received with much applause, as also were those of Messrs. Schlesinger and Blackburne. Mr. Kyllman was the last left of the antagonists, and as Mr. Paulsen had yet lost no game, the highest interest centred on this *partie*. Of it Mr. Stanley says:—"Mr. K. deservedly ranks among our very first amateurs. Having at an early period achieved a slight advantage he followed it up, and, finally, crowned his efforts with a checkmate." Paulsen won 5, drew 3, lost 1, and left 1 unfinished. We append

NO. 1.

EVANS GAMBIT EVADED.

Mr. Paulsen.	Rev. G. Perkins.	Mr. Paulsen.	Rev. G. Perkins.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	14..Q P×P	B P×P
2..K Kt-B 3	Q-Kt-B 3	15..Q Kt×P	K Kt×Kt
3..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	16..K R×Kt	P-Q Kt 4
4..P-Q Kt 4	P-Q 4 (b)	17..K B×Kt+	B P×B
5..K P×P	Q Kt×P	18..Q R-K sq	Q B-Q 2
6..Q B-R 3	Q-her 3	19..Q R-K 7	Q R-K sq
7..P-Q B 3	Kt×Q 2d P	20..Q R×R	B×Q R
8..Q B×B	Q×Q B	21..K R-K 5	B-his 3
9..Q-her Kt 3,	P-Q B 3	22..K Kt-Q 4	P-Q R 4
10..Castles	P-K 5	23..P-K R 3	P-Q Kt 5
11..K R-K sq	P-K B 4	24..Kt×Q B	Q×B P+
12..P-Q 3	K Kt-B 3	25..K moves	Q checks, and
13..Q Kt-Q 2	Castles		draws by perpetual+.

(b) An agreeable variation to the somewhat hackneyed opening before us. The positions ensuing are critical, and the Defence is remarkably well sustained.—*Manchester (Eng.) Express.*

CHESS ABOVE THE CLOUDS.

UNDER date Sept. 18, 1861, our friend and correspondent Theo. M. Brown gave us the following interesting item of Chess in at least a far loftier locality than the ancient Olympus. He says:—"There, 13 560 feet high, above the clouds, amid snow and ice, withal very warm, and so clear that the eye could take in 400 miles of country (both ways) we, i. e. Mr. Hetzel, formerly of Rochester, N. Y., and myself, entertained ourselves simply for the oddity of the thing by essaying three games of Chess without any of the materials of the game, or, simply, "blindfold." I enclose them to you, not as good or brilliant specimens of Chess, but as games played under peculiar circumstances. Errors of course occur, and more particularly as Mr. H has played none since last spring—and I, none since last fall in New York." A year without Chess! That numbered (2), being drawn, we omit; Nos. 1 and 3 we here append.

GAME NO. 311.

Two of three *parties* played without any chess material on the top of Pike's Peak, Aug. 12, '61.

NO 1.

CUNNINGHAM GAMBIT.

Attack, T. M. Brown.	Defence, Mr. Hetzel.	Attack, T. M. Brown.	Defence, Mr. Hetzel.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	13..Q B-Kt 5+	K Kt to B 3
2..P-K B 4	K P×P	14..Q-K B 7+	K-Q 3
3..K Kt-B 3	K B-K 2	15..Q Kt-B 3 (a)	K-Q B 3
4..K B-B 4	B-K R 5+	16..Q B×Kt	K R×R
5..P-K Kt 3	B 2d P×P	17..K B-Kt 5+	K-Q Kt 3
6..Castles	P×B P+	18..Q+K R	Kt P×B
7..K-his R sq	K B-his 3	19..Q×Q B	P-Q R 3
8..K Kt-K 5	K B×Kt	20..Q R-Q sq	Q-K B 7
9..Q-K R 5	Q-K 2	21..K B-K 2	B×Q Kt*
10..K R×P	Q-her B 4	22..Kt P+B	Q×K B
11..K Kt-B 8+	K-his 2	23..Q R-Kt sq+	K-Q B 4
12..P-Q 4	Q×Q P	24..Q×Kt P	Kt-Q B 3, and

Mr. Brown resigns.

(a) At this point the chess hostilities adjourned for a bout at the *seasonable* (Aug. 12th) and refreshing pastime of snowballing.

NO. 3.

SCOTCH GAMBIT.

Mr. Brown.	Mr. Hetzel.	Mr. Brown.	Mr. Hetzel.
1..P to K 4	P to K 4	11..K B to Kt 5	Q×K B
2..K Kt-B 3	Q Kt-B 3	12..Q+Q R+	K-his 2
3..P-Q 4	K P×P	13..K-Q B 3	Q-her 6
4..K B-B 4	K B-B 4	14..Kt-Q 5+	K-Q 2
5..Castles	P-Q 3	15..Q×R P	Kt-K 7+
6..P-Q B 3	Q B-Kt 5	16..K-his R sq	Kt-Kt 6+
7..Q-her Kt 3	Q-her 2	17..R P×Kt	Q×K R+
8..B P×P	K B×P	18..K-R 2	P-K R 4
9..K Kt×B	Q Kt×Kt	19..P-K B 4	Q×Q R
10..Q×Kt P	Q-her B 3	20..Q×B P+,	and Mr. H. resigns.

CHEQUERS OR DRAUGHTS.

THE AMERICAN DRAUGHT PLAYER—THE SECOND EDITION NOW READY.—We take pleasure in announcing that a corrected edition of the above named work is in the market. In the first edition there were a few typographical errors, which have been carefully revised in the second. Our former opinion of the work remains unchanged. We still regard it as the most instructive, voluminous, and useful treatise ever published. Price $2, post paid to all parts of the U. S. ☞ Copies mailed on receipt of price. Address FRANK QUEEN, Editor N. Y. CLIPPER, No. 29 Ann street, New York.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

EXPRESS, New York.—Games received—and will be examined. Thanks.

SPECTATOR, Buffalo, N. Y.—One of the games forwarded by you recently played between Messrs. Spayth and F., is recorded in a style which "knocks" us rather. We append the first six moves on both sides:—

Black—Mr F.		White—Mr. S.		Black—Mr. F.		White—Mr. S.	
1..11	15	23	19	4..14	18	13	6
2..8	11	25	22	5..18	25	29	22
3..6	9	17	13	6..2	9	22	17

Rather Smoky, eh?

If you remember the game please forward a "revised copy." The other game between the same players, will be examined.

BLYTHE, Middleport.—O. K.

MARY E. M., Winooski Falls, Vt.—All right, now, eh?

W. S. K., New York.—Recorded.

H. SPAYTH, Buffalo, N. Y.—Many thanks. See remarks to Spectator. On Dec. 31 we mailed a registered letter in reference to books etc. Please acknowledge.

SOLUTION OF POSITION No. 38—VOL. IX.

BY JOHN DRUMMOND.

	Black.		White.	
1..31	27		10	1
2..9	14		18	9
3..25	11 and wins.			

SOLUTION OF STURGES' 58th POSITION.

White.		Black.		White.		Black.	
1..10	14	17	21	3..15	24	22	26
2..19	16	12	19	4..24	19 and wins.		

MATCH GAMES.

BETWEEN ACCEPTANCE AND BLYTHE.

Black—Acceptance.		White—Blythe.	
13..15	24	28	19
14..14	18	19	16

BETWEEN MARY E. M. AND W. S. K.

Black.—Mary.		White.—W. S. K.	
12..16	19	15	11
13..6	10	32	27
14..9	13*	17	14
15..10	17	27	23

* Not 6 to 13, as given last week.

BETWEEN GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY AND P. M. HARWICH.

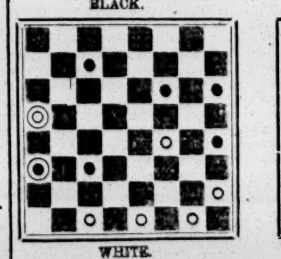
Black—G. M. B.		White—P. M. H.	
1..11	15	23	19
2..8	11		

POSITION No. 39—VOL. IX.

BY A. H. L., OF BALTIMORE.

Occurred in actual play.

BLACK.

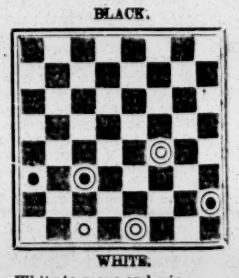


WHITE.

White to move and win.

THE 59th POSITION OF STURGES.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to move and win.

GAME No. 31.—VOL. IX.

Communicated by H. SPAYTH.

MARTINS V. MC'KERROW.

Black. McKerrow.		White. Martins.		Black. McKerrow.		White. Martins.	
1..10	to 15	*22	to 18	14.. 6	to 10	24	to 19
2..15	22	25	18	15..10	17	19	16
3..11	15	18	11	16..12	19	27	23
4..8	15	29	25	17..19	26	31	6
5..9	14	25	22	18..7	10	6	2
6..14	18	23	14	19..10	14	13	9
7..15	19	24	15	20..5	14	2	7
8..7	10	14	7	21..14	17	7	11
9..2	25	21	17	22..17	21	11	15
10..25	29	17	14	23..29	25	15	18
11..3	7	26	22	24..4	8	32	28
12..6	9	22	18	25..8	12	28	24
13..1	6	28	24	26..12	16	24	20

Drawn.

* Variation from American Draught Player.

CLIPPER MATCH GAMES.

SYNOPSIS OF MATCH GAMES PLAYED THROUGH THE CLIPPER.

BY NEMO.

SINGLE CORNER.

GAME BETWEEN CAPRICE AND GREEN MOUNTAIN BOY.

Black. Caprice.		White. G. M. B.		Black. Caprice.		White. G. M. B.	
1..11	15	22	18	12.. 2	6	24	20
2..15	22	25	18	13.. 6	10	14	9
3.. 8	11	29	25	14.. 5	14	19	16
4.. 4	8	25	22	15..12	19	27	23
5.. 9	14(a)	18	9	16..18	27	31	6
6.. 5	14	24	19	17.. 7	10	6	2
7.. 1	5	28	24	18.. 8	12	2	6
8.. 6	9	22	17	19.. 3	8	6	15
9..14	18(b)	23	14	20..11	18	26	23
10.. 9	18	17	14	21..18	27	32	23
11..10	17	21	14	22..14	17	23	19

Caprice resigned.

(a) Leaves the Books.

(b) Miss Mary E. M. thinks this loses; will she show a draw?

THE BATTLE OF THE BRUISERS.

A LEGEND OF HOBOKEN.

"PRIZE FIGHTS" are sprung upon us with such amazing rapidity of late, that we are unable to keep the run of them, the "pugs" seeming to take particular pains to keep their movements quiet from everybody but the police. Recently several fistic encounters have taken place among the "flats" on the Jersey side of Hudson's noble stream, but no really satisfactory conclusion has been arrived at in either. Owing to the secret manner in which our bruising friends now conduct their pugnacious meetings, we have been left out in the cold regarding them, but a correspondent, "SIMON NIXON," who "spots" the boys on all occasions, was "around" during the "prevalence" of a recent bruising match, and the scene so inspired him that he has given us the result of his observations, in verse, that the "heroes" of the conflict may have their deeds handed down to posterity with all the honors. Thus sings the poet, Simon:

GREAT PRIZE RING ENCOUNTER,

BETWEEN

BILLY THE BRUISER AND ROBBIE THE BREAKER.

REPORTED FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY SIMON NIXON.

THE FIGHT.

The ring was squared, and in their proper places
Were umpires, seconds, and spectators all—
Forth step'd the Bruiser his due share of paces;
Forth step'd the Breaker his, and reach'd his maul.
Brighten'd anew the hundred darken'd faces
That girt them like a smoul'dering rampant wall.
Finger nails cut their palms, eyes sparkled fire,
As if the rope had been a charged electric wire.

The Bruiser is a noble looking fellow,
All bone and muscle, picturesquely set,
And finely tinged with black and blue and yellow
Far as the charmed gazer's eye can get;
His snuff-box is, perhaps, just rather mellow,
But his determined mug is quite a pet;
His eye—he has but one—and forehead proud,
Look like a dirty moon o'erhung by cleaner cloud!

The Breaker does not to our taste appeal:
He lacks the fancy polish of the other;
Less picturesque his hide, and less genteel
His form and air—but take him altogether,
Just as he stands, and he will let you feel
That clumsy frames are awkward matters—rather.
The Breaker is the coarser, but the bigger,
And what he wants in grace he maketh up in vigor.

How beautiful the attitude of Billy!
How scientifically shapes the Bruiser!
And Robbie's shape is anything but silly—
'Tis hard to tell the winner from the loser.
The headstrong man who bet his all on Willie
Suspects the Robbie man the better chooser;
The Robbie man looks hard with doubtful brow—
The champions strike! comes the breathless interest—now!

ROUND 1.
The Bruiser stopp'd the Breaker's pondrous sinister,
And with his left began to cut a swell
On the vast bottom of his foeman's canister,
And tried to cut it fat; but, parried well
By Robbie, now grown solemn as a minister
About to give his congregation hell,
He thought it best to slide—our Bruiser did—
And when the Breaker flash'd, 'ere thunder came, he slid.

ROUND 2.
Twelve seconds' sparring—several feints—and quick
Big Robbie let out right and left audacious;
But right and left were nab'd, and swift and slick
Sent home to roost, and teach him to be cautious.
Cautious it was The Bruiser got a lick
Like a full dose, so maddening and so nauseous;
He smote the handle of the Bruiser's mug,
And left it like unto a broken weltering bug.

ROUND 3.
Brief sparring—inconceivable ferocity!
The Breaker dash'd and smash'd at art's defiance;
Tore in with irresistable velocity,
Making the Bruiser doubt his noble science.
This sudden, savage, devilish animosity
Severely shock'd skill'd Billy's self-reliance,
And made him think, and fall to think at ease—
Down on his stomach came wild Billy's monstrous knees.

ROUND 4.
Brief sparring—for again the Breaker broke
The laws of science and began to peg
Away so heathenish that the Christian folk
Who saw him do it, slapp'd the sinister leg.
Billy, at length, got in a magic stroke,
And changed a snuff-box to a broken egg;
The frantic Breaker with a bloody frown
Murderously struck the air—the Bruiser had gone down.

ROUND 5.
A stifled yell—the full-roused Breaker skips
High o'er the Bruiser, wilder than a Welsh
Or Shetland horse. The wary Bruiser dips,
And makes his thick descending enemy belch.
He caught the falling foe between the hips
At random, forcing an explosive squelch!—
"Foul!" howls an umpire, sniffing while they howl—
The referee pronounced it childish, but not foul.

ROUND 6.
Three times around the ring the Breaker ran,
Making all parties dodgfully eschew him,
Then stooping, drove head foremost at his man—
The Bruiser open'd his long legs unto him:
And like a head that hurries through a plan,
The disappointed Breaker darted through him.
Blind as a stallion goaded by the rowels,
Brave Robbie plunged into his laughing second's bowels.

ROUND 7.
Billy had caught the horrible infection
Of Robbie's madness: each did make a jump,
And recklessly came down for satisfaction,
And got it with a vengeance and a thump
That swiftly brighten'd either's dark complexion,
And sounded like a wharf post's sinking dump.
Recoiling smartly from the grievous stop,
Their heads went down at once because their heels went up.

ROUND 8.
No gammon now! The Bruiser forward sprung,
And backward sent his second stun'd and sprawling;
The Breaker in the air his body flung,
And fell on his opponent; and such mauling,
Before, if ever seen, was never sung!
Legs, arms, heads, bodies, quite forgot their calling!
So close they went into each other's quality,
That fix'd and mix'd, they lost their individuality.

The Bruiser pounded his own ribs to jam;
The Breaker with his wrong arm broke his right;
Then came a fist that did not give a damn
Out from the indistinguishable fight,
And in it thunder'd like a battering ram—
In anywhere, and in with all its might.
Where fell that monster blow no mortal knoweth;
The gazer only saw that it did fell them both—

For the blent champions gave a sudden shiver,
And straightway down they fell a dark red mass;
Like to the lading of a bullock's liver.
Both seconds then pronounced them "gone to grass;"
The bottle-holders said, "di-did you e-ever!"
The umpires said, "let us divide the brass;"
The referee quite otherwise decided,
And had the mingled warriors carefully divided.

ROUND 9.
Well sponged and praised, and lifted to their feet,
Their second breath the gasping heroes catch,
Nod to and fro like cocks that wont be beat,
Reel through the ring and stagger to the scratch.
Now—now the thunderbolts of battle meet!
And many flashing eyes expectant watch!
The Bruiser sways and blinks, feeble and dim,
At his dim feeble foe, who sways and blinks at him.

The Bruiser did look bruised; his left was staved,
His right was broken, his eyes were both in quod,
His nose was nowhere, and his ribs were caved;
The Breaker looked as if he had been chawed
And spat out careless; but they both behaved
Like Jove himself, and "gave the awful nod!"
And then with all their might let drive together,
And, prop'd like touch-and-go, hung on by one another.

Desperately did they strive to lift a hand
And move a leg, but ah, they strove in vain!
'Twas sad to see those spirits game and grand,
Baffled by weakness after conquering pain!
At length they fell, because they could not stand,
And never rose to fight on earth again,
For then and there they caught the final breath!—
Cold silence heavily fell upon the scene of death.

LAST ROUND.
But, hark!—a sudden, strange, unearthly blare
Breaks overhead—and look!—by all that's game,
Their plucky shades are at it in the air!
See—that's the Bruiser's ghost, already lame!
And you's the Breaker's—blacken'd I declare!—
Hark!—who the devil hoarsely cried "Shame! Shame!
Go, gentlemen, where'er you choose to roam,
For damn me, double damn me, if I take you home!"

OUR PORTRAIT GALLERY.

WRITTEN EXPRESSLY FOR THE NEW YORK CLIPPER,

BY COL. T. ALLSTON BROWN.

NUMBER FORTY-FOUR.

MRS. ELIZABETH RICHARDSON.

Was born in the city of Philadelphia, November 2nd, 1813, and not being intended either for the stage or for an "infant Phenomenon" even of any description, that truly intellectual system of humbug, being them in embryo, received the treatment usually bestowed on children, until five years of age, at which period of time she was placed at the celebrated boarding school of Mrs Oldmixon, a lady who had in her own time, filled no small space in the eye of the theatrical world, having under her maiden appellation of Miss George, earned the very first reputation on the London stage, which she as amply maintained for a long number of years, afterwards as Mrs. Oldmixon, on the boards of the New York and Philadelphia theatres. There can be but very little doubt that her preceptress imbued her pupil's mind with a predilection for the drama. Mrs Richardson remained for five years displaying a strong inclination and great capacity for the science of music, which Mrs Oldmixon persuaded her parents to cultivate and perfect; they accordingly placed her at the age of ten, under the very able instruction of Mr B Carr, of Philadelphia, who aided by his pupil's ability, and assiduity, and his own excellent tuition, enabled her, on her first appearance before the association of the Musical Fund Society of that city, to be complimented with the degree of honorary membership of the institution; Mrs R, was then only twelve years of age, and this successful public essay may be very reasonably supposed to have stimulated the ambition of our *protege*; she wished to try her strength on the stage. It is very remarkable, but therefore no less certain, that professional persons, actors part cularly, are violently opposed to their children, "treading in their footsteps" and it is also almost as equally true, that by far the greatest number of their children generally continue to thwart these resolves of their parents, and obstinately choose to follow the same exciting, laborious and precarious mode of life. Mr and Mrs Jefferson were no exception to this observation; they very strongly opposed their daughters' inclination, and had not accident, which has given so many valuable members to the stage, come opportunely to her aid, the profession would have lost one of the brightest jewels. Mr. Jefferson, having announced his benefit, was taken alarmingly ill, precluding all idea of his being enabled to make good to the public his promise, and as something of novelty was desirable, if not absolutely necessary, (benefits, gentle reader, were in truth, what they are supposed to be, in those days) he finally consented to the *d-but* of his daughter, who accordingly, on the 1st of April, 1827; made her first essay on the boards of the Chestnut Street Theatre, as Rosina, in the "Barber of Seville," her father playing Figaro; Cowell, Antonia; Wemyss, Almaviva; unlike her cousin, Mrs Warren, whose first appearance had all the finish of an accomplished actress, Miss Jefferson's attempt was a decided failure in everything but the music, which she executed with much taste, but gave no promise of future excellence.

In the year 1828, she became enrolled as a member of the regular corps of the Chestnut Street Company, and by diligence, attention, and close application, advanced surely and steadily to the goal, acquiring that practical knowledge of the stage, without which the greatest ability is useless. She became a favorite with the audience, although the company numbered many names of great merit. In 1829 she married Mr S. Chapman, an excellent actor, attached to the same corps; but became a widow a few months subsequently. She continued in Philadelphia until 1830, when her father and all the Jefferson family left that city. In 1831, she was attached to either the Baltimore or Washington theatres, in which establishments she sustained the most varied range of characters imaginable, often in addition playing on alternate nights in those cities, and being, save her gifted father, the greatest pet of those audiences. Engaged by the Park Management, she made her first bow to a New York audience on the sixth of September, 1834 as Ophelia, to the "Hamlet" of Mr. James Wallack, which although received with favor, it was not until nearly a month subsequently that her abilities came into free play. An occasion soon presented itself which gave her an opportunity of winning golden opinions from all sorts of people. It was Julia in the "Hunchback," to the Master Walter of Sheridan Knowles himself. In this character she made a great hit and was pronounced the best on the English Stage.

At the close of 1835 Mrs Chapman, (her dramatic laurels in full bloom), was married to Mr. A. Richardson, a gentleman of Baltimore, (by whom she had two children,) she retired for a short time from the Stage, and realized the misfortune which always attends the reputation of an actress for having thrown up her situation—some other "Star" equally clever had succeeded her in the estimation of the fickle public, against this her pride rebelled, and Miss C Cushman remained to triumph at the Park Theatre, while Mrs Richardson sought shelter in retirement at the Holliday Street Theatre, Baltimore. She played during this and the succeeding year occasionally in the cities of Washington, Pittsburgh, Buffalo, Albany, Boston, &c., with renewed energy, credit and profit. In Buffalo she played three engagments, and the good citizens of that place presented her through a committee, a handsome testimonial of their approbation. Mrs. R. also played a very successful engagement at the Park Theatre, the great fire of 1835 occurring on her benefit night. In 1837 she renewed her situation on the Park boards as one of the regular *corps*, and there she remained until the Spring of 1840, when she again retired to the city of Baltimore, which may be considered her home, as her husband is a native of that city.

Mrs. Richardson, as an artist, imitates no one, and her style is different from that of any competitor we know of; marked by a noble simplicity, it is of that chaste and quiet character, which, although critically correct, is neither cold nor artificial, disdaining for the sake of mere effect, to sacrifice sense and outrage propriety, her personations are yet rich, buoyant and racy, never overstepping the modesty of nature, yet very strongly drawn and marked, as being entirely separate and characteristic portraits, and with an entire absence of mannerism Mrs Richardson has more stage tact, more of that readiness for everything, and far more versatility than any other person we wot of. In parts the most diverse and totally dissimilar, she is equally clever; while in Tragedies, Comedy, Opera, or Farce, there are many who excel her (in any one of these separate lines), but no one can equal her, take them collectively; while in Burletta, she is the best on the American Stage. She is also one of the very few good vocalists that can be termed at the same time a good actress; a combination rare indeed. Whether in portraying the true hearted "Lucille," or the merry mad cap, "Maria Darlington," the fair "Ophelia," the pathetic misery of poor "Smike," the impassioned and thoughtless "Julia," the roguishness of "Cherubino," or the confiding love of "Mariana," the simplicity of "Cowslip," or the fashionable follies of "Lady Teazle," there is a truthfulness in her delineation that is charming, an individuality and a distinctness surprising. We must conclude this sketch by remarking that while so excellent professionally, Mrs Richardson is one of the too few ladies whose private relations rescue the Stage from a large share of vituperation and censure: with Comedies of old, the Drama can with pride say relative to her "these are my jewels" In 1841 she retired from the Stage, and gave lessons in music at Baltimore. Mr. Richardson was accidentally killed in his native city. She afterwards married Mr. C. J. B. Fisher, of Mobile, Ala.

JAMES FENNEL.

WAS born in the city of London. In the early part of his life he studied law, but soon left it, and under the name of "Cambray" offered himself to the manager of the Edinburgh Theatre, in 1787 Made his *debut* as Othello; first appeared on the London stage, October 12th, same year, at Covent Garden Theatre, as Othello. Made his first appearance in America, at Annapolis, Md., September 1797. He appeared in New York, as Zanga, in "The Revenge." In the year 1800, oppressed by poverty and debt, amid and surrounded by those who, in brighter days took him willingly by the hand, Fennell was now next to being a beggar! he had but one resource, he applied for, and obtained a benefit—he played Zanga.

We find him in 1802, incarcerated in the common jail; his hope of relief, if not release, depended upon a Farce he had written; on the 4th of February it was brought out, and on the second night played for the author's benefit. The receipts were $600. In January, 1806, Mr. Fennell became a Star, and played Hamlet and Othello, &c., &c., afterwards turned author and wrote a book entitled "An Apology for My Life."

In 1814, retired from the stage, and established salt works on an original plan, near New London, Connecticut, which eventually ruined him. His last appearance was in 1815, as King Lear. At this time he presented the powerless remains of what God had made man; but now,

"Levelled to the earth, a scathed and
Blighted Oak."

At last he became so reduced and besotted, that a Mrs Brown, with whom he resided in North Alley, Philadelphia, was under the necessity of turning him out of the house; for several days nothing was heard of him; one night, after she had retired to rest, she was awoke by a noise in the street, raising the window to ascertain the cause, she was answered by Fennell, begging admission:—

"You cannot come in here, Mr. Fennell, indeed you cannot."

"I am a wanderer, madam, an outcast, homeless, pennyless."

"I cannot help you, Mr. Fennell; you know how you behaved before!"

"I remember nothing, Mrs. Brown, but that I am wretched, sick, and helpless."

"All this I admit, Mr. Fennell, but why not go somewhere else?"

"I have no friend but you; then,

"Pity the sorrows of a poor old man,
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span,
Oh! give relief, and heaven will bless your store."

Fennell was celebrated for his recitations, but more particularly the Beggar's Petition. On this occasion, he spoke it so feelingly, and the circumstance of his situation suiting the words and the occasion so well, Mrs Brown opened wide her door—welcomed the houseless wanderer in.

He remained with this good hearted woman until his death, which occurred in 1816.

Fennell was a remarkably handsome figure, about six feet in height—his features, not handsome, were expressive, and over which he had a wonderful command. Thomas A Cooper, the tragedian, our veteran Cooper, used to say, when perceiving Fennell's approach, "Here comes two yards of a very proper man." In Philadelphia, his style of living was somewhat similar to that in Paris, while at the same time he was the idol of the town, the companion of all the dissipated limbs of aristocracy which then abounded in the City of Brotherly Love; and for a time he revelled in the luxury of high living and applause, both on and off the stage. Fennell had great pretentions to ingenuity, speculation, &c. He was an actor who only shone in great and showy characters; when he had a part of inferior value committed to him, he permitted it to sink in his hands. [Next week the Wallack Family].

THE AMERICAN PRIZE RING.

BATTLES OF BY-GONE DAYS.

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NUMBER THREE.

TOM HYER'S FIRST FIGHT.

HIS VICTORY OVER

COUNTRY M'CLEESTER,

SEPTEMBER 9, 1841.

The antagonist of Hyer, in his first fight, was the celebrated John McCleester, more generally known as Country McClusky. The fight between these two men originated in a private feud, which was brought to a termination by a visit of McCleester to Hyer, in Park Row, on the night of the 8th of September, 1841, and a proposal that they should go over into the Park and fight their differences out. Hyer, however, unwilling to incur the consequences of such a breach of the peace, refused, and proposed a spot on the North River, which, after some chaffering, was acceded to; and it was agreed, that each should meet the next morning on the Albany boat, accompanied by a small number of friends. They then retired to their beds to refresh themselves as best they could, for the terrible business of the morrow. In the morning they were both on board the boat at the appointed hour, and in due time were left at Cauldwell's Landing, on the North River. They did not search long for a stopping place, for a climb of about one hundred yards up a steep hill near the shore, brought them to a natural platform, which was exactly the spot for the business in hand. They commenced at once to strip, and the seconds proceeded to adjust some matters which had not yet been arranged. As the fight was for a settlement of a quarrel, and as a suspicion had been raised by their respective enemies as to the game of either man, to thoroughly test it, it was agreed by all parties, that it should be a fair ring fight, at half minute time, all blows to be considered fair, so that neither, upon becoming tired of the work, or afraid to continue, should resort to a foul blow to end the contest. This left no alternative but desperate fighting. J. Somerindyke and A. Reynolds were the seconds of Hyer, and Alick Hamilton his bottle holder. McClusky was attended by Sullivan and Ketchum as seconds, and Nesbitt as bottle holder. No ring was made, but the men ran into a scratch drawn by Somerindyke, to which they were called at five minutes past eleven. Upon coming up, both looked well, though Country's flesh appeared more clear and compact than Hyer's, which was ruddy, and though not loose, not firm. Hyer had the advantage of a greater length of reach than his antagonist, being three inches taller, straight, symmetrical, lithe and sinewy, and altogether a perfect model of a man for his weight: which was 176 lbs. Country was more soggy, but possessed of fine gladiatorial points. His weight was 160 lbs. He was a hard-working man, and previous to this encounter is said to have returned from a long voyage before the mast; so his condition might be considered as having been tolerably good. Hyer, on the contrary, had been irregular in his mode of living, and had indulged in a life of leisure, but little conducive to the vigor which it was necessary for him, on this occasion, to possess.

THE FIGHT.

Round 1. On coming up the odds were 20 to 30 on Hyer. Upon taking his position, he stood firm and erect, and his hands well up and his head moderately forward. Country also stood well up, though his manner was not as easy as Hyer's. A slight, but wicked smile was perceptible on the lips of each, which spoke more mischief than a thousand frowns, and they came to the scratch readily and free. Hyer waited for the assault, keeping his arms playfully free, and ready for a fly. Country advanced, made a left hand pass, was stopped, and Hyer caught him on the left cheek, [first blow from Hyer.] Country then rallied sharply, a clinch followed, and he was thrown.

2. Both came up eagerly, and Country led off left and right, in double quick time, and succeeded in planting a heavy blow over Hyer's eye, which split it and started the claret, [first blood for Country.] Hyer returned with interest in a desperate rally, and at the conclusion went to the ground by a body blow. Country hurt his right hand severely in this round.

3. Hyer stopped with his left hand, made a charge, clinched, and threw M'Cleester heavily.

4. Hyer at it right away with his left upon Country's fifth rib; Country answered on the breast, but caught a hard blow on the jaw again in return. A clinch and tussle ensued, during which they top-knotted severely. They closed and tussled again, and Country went down with Hyer upon him.

5. Hyer hit slightly with his left and right, and caught it severely on the collar bone in return; which, however, he answered by a tremendous body blow; a clinch followed, and Country went heavily to the ground.

6. Country led off right and left, brought Hyer to the ground in a clean and handsome manner by a body blow.

7. Smart counter hits right and left; Hyer caught a heavy body blow, they clinched, and Country went down hard.

8. Several exchanges, a rally, terrific fighting all over the ring; Hyer clinched, and after a short tussle threw Country very heavily.

9. Country made a rush, got in a heavy body blow on the left side, [his favorite point,] which Hyer returned with tremendous force on the mouth, and received a severe jaw breaker in return, immediately followed up by another of the same sort, though somewhat lighter; then followed a brisk exchange right and left, the last of which from Country brought Hyer down clean. This round lasted 9 minutes.

10. Smart exchanges; a break—Hyer gathered cautiously for a fly, let loose, and caught Country a terrible right hander on the eye. Country then made a rush and caught Hyer like a Paixhan bomb on the lip and carried him to the ground, hurting his right hand again with the blow.

11. Up to this time Country might be said to have had the advantage, but he now gave evident signs of distress; but Hyer, freshening with his punishment, went to work in earnest: he struck fiercely and with tremendous execution; the last blow fell upon Country's eye badly; Hyer then ran in, clinched, threw and fell heavily upon him.

12. Wild exchanges—a rally and Country went to the ground. Five rounds of hard fighting and alternate success here followed, the last one ending in a clinch, which resulted in Country's falling back.

13. The intervening rounds up to this one were not marked by any thing of a specially interesting character. On coming up this time Country opened the ball, but was stopped left and right. Hyer returned and Country caught it badly in two visitations on the mouth, returned by a body blow from Country in his favorite spot on the left; followed by a clinch and Country's overthrow.

19. Sharp rally, counter hits ending in a mutual blow which brought both to the ground at once.

20. Hyer led off but Country got away; slight counter; Country retreated, but waiting for his opportunity rallied and got in a heavy body blow; Hyer followed threatening mischief. Country rallied again, reeled, slipped and fell.

21. Heavy exchanges, a clinch, a break, hard hitting, another clinch, and Country down.

22. Desperate fighting and both down. The next five rounds were short, and consisted of sharp exchanges of body blows, each round resulting in a throw, three to Country and two to Hyer; indeed a clinch usually resulted in favor of the latter.

28. Country now began to breathe with difficulty and to show evident signs of fatigue, while Hyer, on the contrary, appeared to freshen with his work; he tried his left, but Country got away. Country advanced, hit round, but struck short, and went to the ground with a collar bone blow.

29. Both came up well, Country led off and after a brisk rally brought Hyer to the ground.

30. Country's friends, a little cheered by this, encouraged their man by saying, "You've got him now Country; give him one of them old Chatham Square fellows." "Yes, he has!" returned Hyer, ironically, accompanying the remark by a wink to his party at the same time that he was gathering for a spring. The thunder did not rumble for nothing, for down it came in a tremendous visitation on the left side of Country's nose, which sent the blood spirting out of it in streams, and appeared to have literally split it in two. The blow struck Country clean down.

31. Country showed his punishment by his distress. The fight was now plainly Hyer's, and 20 to 5 was offered on him and taken two or three times. Hyer led off, a rally followed, ending in a clinch and Country went down again.

32. Terrible right hand blow on Hyer's ribs, which were now dreadfully swollen from repeated hitting; a clinch and Hyer went down.

33. A rally, clinch, and McCleester thrown.

34. Close fighting, hard hitting, and McCleester down by a neck blow.

35. A rally, close hitting and McCleester thrown. Hyer standing firm. Eight rounds followed in favor of Hyer, in which he went down to the ground three times.

44. Heavy exchanges. Hyer gathered for a charge, let fly with tremendous force and caught Country on the top of the head. Such was the power of this blow that it split Country's head completely open and sent the blood gushing out in streams. It was the opinion of several on the ground, that had his head not luckily have been down, this visitation would have killed him. It was followed by another of the same sort and Country was struck down.

45. Counter hits, a rally and both down.

46. Hyer led off on Country's ribs. Country returned with a round blow in the old spot.

47. Both hit, a rally, a clinch and McCleester thrown.

48. Short round, some hitting, a close and both down.

49. A desperate rally, a heavy blow on Hyer's ribs, a rally, and both down.

50. Hard hitting, a rally, and Hyer down.

51. A rally, clinch, and McCleester down.

52. Sharp fighting, Hyer down.

53. Wild fighting, a clinch, both down.

54. Hard fighting, a clinch, a break, counter hits struck, Hyer down.

55. A short rally, McCleester down. The next six consisted of hard fighting and a good exchange of body blows, those by Country in his old spot. In the 62nd round, Country caught a smaking cut on the cheek which brought him to the ground. Varying success followed until the 69th.

69. Country led off with his right, but caught it in return on the ear; a close followed, they broke, Hyer made a pass with his right, was thrown off, and received a blow on the old place on the side, which told so powerfully as to start the blood through the flesh.

70 and 71. A rally and Hyer dropped.

72. Hyer struck down, and Country floored by the recoil.

73. Both fatigued. Country suffering very much. Hyer advanced, made an offer with his right hand, was thrown off, when a mutual blow was hit that brought both to the ground, and while they lay thus, Hyer, with a smile and good-natured remark of "put it there, old fellow," reached out his arm and heartily shook hands with his antagonist.

74. Hyer to work right and left, Country down.

75. Country down on his knees, up again and knocked down.

76. Hyer hit over Country's shoulder with his left, was caught and struck down. Then followed six rounds, in which there was some short, hard hitting by both, though everything was manifestly in favor of Hyer, whose blows went heavily in, while Country, from his exhausted state, made shoves rather than blows.

83. Country tried with his left and right, but got nothing in. Hyer advanced, struck out, and carried him down with a head blow.

84. Wild exchanges with no effect. Country down.

85. A rally; short, hard hits. Hyer down.

86. Hyer led off, hitting Country on the mouth and nose with his right, and repeating it on the ear with his left. Country down.

87. A guinea to a shilling on Hyer, Country was nearly gone, and nothing but his thorough game continued the fight; still he made a good show, and managed to carry Hyer down at the end of a brisk rally.

89. Poor Country came up gasping, but free; he could, however, make no show at all; the day was against him, and he was striking against fate. He went down.

90. Country came up groggy, but exhibited unflinching game. Hyer succeeded in planting some heavy blows on his mug, and he went down again.

91. Slight counter hits, a rally, and Hyer went down with a light body blow.

92. A short recovery. Sharp hits right and left, Country down flying.

93. Country lay gasping in the arms of his seconds, who plainly saw that all hopes for a favorable change were extinguished. He was evidently in a helpless state, and able only to receive punishment. To save him from further unnecessary suffering, his seconds determined to draw him; but the indomitable and true hearted fellow begged in the most earnest manner to be allowed to go in once more.

94. Country staggered up, made a pass with his left, was caught and went down flying. Here his seconds would have drawn him again, but he begged as before, and was allowed the privilege.

95. Wild hitting, Country dreadfully jobbed, went down by a head blow.

96. Country came up quite groggy, while Hyer appeared to freshen. He struck out with tremendous effect, caught Country on the jaw, and carried him down. Further effort was of no use to Country; he offered scarcely any resistance to Hyer, whatever, who hit him when and where he pleased. From this round to the 101st, Country's seconds endeavored to draw him, but suffered themselves to give way to his desires to try it once more. In the 100th round, Hyer, who for the time had lost his usual self command, seconded his entreaties with a "O let him come in, let him come in; I'll kill him this time." A neck blow followed this remark that made Country's collar bone ring again. In the 101st, Country met with the same treatment, when Sullivan would listen to him no longer, but drew him at once, stating that he had lost the fight, and resigning his claim to the stake. Hyer was now left the victor of a hard fought field of 101 rounds, which occupied three hours, five minutes less. Country retired dreadfully punished, weak, and tottering; Hyer looked fresh, and capable of fighting an hour or two more.

REMARKS.

The manner in which the match was fought, it is said, reflected the highest honor on the two combatants; the rounds were not made by dodging and dropping without a hit, but were clear knock down ones, all. Experienced pugilists on the ground, declared the fight one of the best that ever came off in the country: and under the circumstances, Hyer's condition being considered, perhaps the best. Hyer was but 22 years of age.

SHOULD A SOLDIER BE A GOOD SHOT?

The necessity of our recruits being exercised in target practice till they become expert in the use of the rifle, and can rely with certainty upon the accuracy of every shot, cannot be gainsayed. Military books assert that accuracy of fire in battle, where troops act in masses, was not attainable, or even desirable, except for skirmishers. But this opinion is directly opposed to all the efforts which have been made recently on the improvement of firearms. The object of mechanical science in the improvement of small firearms has been to increase the range of the rifle and its accuracy, as if military men had become satisfied that the bullet was more effective than the bayonet. No one can fail to see the advantage which troops armed with long-range rifles like the Minie, were every soldier in the ranks a sure shot at two hundred or two hundred and fifty yards, would have in battle over troops, equally as courageous, armed only with the short-ranged, smooth-bore musket. The bayonet would be of very little use, for the rifle bullets would cut the enemy down long before they could come within striking distance. Men thus armed, and expert shots, would have the advantage, though arrayed against twice their numbers differently armed, and as little practised in the proper use of the rifle as some of our volunteers from the cities, who probably never fired a rifle before they enlisted for the war. The skill of western and southern men in its use has long been proverbial. Target shooting is one of the pastimes of those regions, and that, together with its constant use in hunting, is what has given them their skill and proficiency in the use of the rifle. All that, however, has been done with the old-fashioned muzzle-loading rifles, of a small bore, and a range far inferior to the improved rifle of the present day. In the older portions of our country, where game has become scarce, rifle shooting has become sadly deficient, the only practice of that kind now prevailing being mostly confined to what are termed "sporting men," who shoot at a target with sporting rifles, often with telescope sights, and almost always at a rest. By these means they are enabled to make some very fine shooting; but for practical purposes such shooting is of very little account. Not one time in ten does a man in hunting or in fighting get a chance to shoot at a rest, and hence it is that these fancy shots almost invariably fail in bagging as much game as the rough western hunter, when the two hunt together. To render rifle shooting practically useful, a man must be ready to fire at a moment's warning, any where, and at any time. Of course, this necessitates his shooting off-hand, which is the only true way to shoot, for all practical purposes. To become a good rifle shot, a man should be constantly practicing. He should not only shoot at marks set up for the purpose, but he should take aim, and also fire at objects of various kinds all around him, and at different distances. To be a good marksman, he must also be a good judge of distance, so as to know whether to aim high or low, and also to take into account the force and direction of the wind and its effect upon the ball. Above all, he must know his gun. He should have practiced with it so constantly as to know exactly how and where it carries, its range and peculiarities, if it has any. In short, the one great rule in rifle shooting more than in almost any other art, is that "practice makes perfect." As well might we send women to battle, as men who don't know how to use the arms placed in their hands. The only way to make good shots is to keep the recruits continually at rifle practice while they are lying in camp. There should not be a day without such practice in the various companies. Men who know how to use their guns, will know how to take care of them, and even in retreat will part with everything else rather than their arms of defense.

A WALTZING MATCH.—At a dancing school in Bangor, Me., there was recently a waltzing match in which some nine couples joined. The prize was taken by James Shaw and Mary Newman after a hugging tug of two hours and fourteen minutes. Three couples kept whirling over two hours. During the contest two ladies fainted and were borne off the floor. The successful couple came off fresh.

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See future particulars. 40-1t*

NOTICE.—At the Regular semi-Annual Election of
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Held on Wednesday evening, January 8th, 1862, the following Officers were elected for the ensuing year:
H. ROLPH, President, J. SOUTHALL, Vice President,
J. BADGER, Secretary, J. CLUBB, Financial Secretary,
R. HARRIS, Treasurer, C. H. WHEELER, Stage Manager,
40 1t* WM. ROBINSON, Asst. Stage Manager.

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☞ We have letters for D. H. Oaks, J. Connor, Geo. Locke, J. Murdoch, C. W. Couldock, C. Whitney, and Miss Adah I. Menken.

CITY SUMMARY.

MONDAY, Jan 13, '62

When, in the course of inhuman events, it becomes unnecessary for one class of managers to make war upon another class, and when—disregarding the ties that should bind the entire profession in one common brotherhood—we see petitions put in circulation whose aim it is to put down one class of amusements that another may profit thereby—we hold these truths to be self evident, that it's a d—n (pardon us) scaly piece of business. We have, on two or three occasions, referred to petitions circulated along Broadway for signatures, having for their object the suppression of concert saloons. This movement, we understand, was originated by men in the dramatic and minstrel business. Well, we see that the movement has been transferred from this city to Albany, where it has already come up for adjudication in the higher branch of our State Legislature. On the 9th inst., Senator Robertson introduced a bill to preserve the public peace and order in public places of amusement in the city of New York. The following is a copy of the bill:—

SEC. 1. It shall not be lawful to exhibit to the public in any building, garden, grounds, concert rooms or other room or place within the city of New York, any interlude, tragedy, comedy, opera, ballet, play, farce, negro minstrelsy, negro or other dancing, or any other entertainment of the stage, or any part or parts therein, or any equestrian, circus or dramatic performance, or any performance of jugglers, acrobats or rope dancing, until a license for such exhibition shall have been first had and obtained pursuant to an act entitled "an act to create a fund in aid of the Society for the Relief of Juvenile Delinquents in the City of New York, and for other purposes," passed Feb. 1, 1839.

SEC. 2. No license shall be granted for any act or performance mentioned in the first section of this act, when there is sold any wine, beer, or strong, or spirituous liquors to the audience when such exhibition or performances are given as mentioned in said first section of this act; or when they employ, or permit, or assent to the employment of any female to wait on or attend or furnish refreshments to the audience when there is any exhibition or performance given, as mentioned in the first section of this act.

SEC. 3. Any person violating any of the provisions of this act shall be deemed guilty of a misdemeanor, and, upon conviction, shall be punished by imprisonment in the Penitentiary for a term not less than six months nor more than one year, or by a fine of not less than $250 nor more than $500, or both such fine and imprisonment.

SEC. 4. It shall be the duty of every constable, policeman, or other officer, whenever required by any person, to arrest and convey any person or persons violating any provision of this act, forthwith before the Recorder or any of the Police Justices of said City and County of New York, there to be dealt with as the law directs.

SEC. 5. Any act or part of acts conflicting with the provisions of this act are hereby repealed.

SEC. 6. This act shall take effect immediately.

It will be seen that this bill is for the *exclusive* benefit of the *city* of New York, no reference being made to any other portion of the State, our *rural* members taking good care to crowd out anything that might tend to interfere with amusements in the sections to which they belong. But the originators of the bill—in this city—in their efforts to crush out the concert business, have made a sorry mess of it; for, according to our understanding of the bill, theatres, and *all* public places of amusement, come in for a share of our rural friends' legislation. The bill, in the first place, is a badly constructed document, and, if passed, will not "hold water," should any of our managers see proper to test it. Supposing the bill to become a law, however, it affects the theatres as well as the concert halls, and every theatrical bar-room will have to be closed before a license can be granted. The bill does not specify where liquors may be sold, whether in the auditorium or bar room, to violate the law; but says no license shall be granted when any liquor is sold to the audience; and while the theatre is open, and the people present, no liquor can be sold. The whole thing is very loosely drawn up, but this is our understanding of it, and if theatres are permitted to have their bar-rooms, and sell liquor to their audiences, in the bar rooms, so, also, may concert halls dispense the beverage. The theatres, in their efforts to injure music halls, find themselves included in the "pains and penalties" for selling "nips," and if the law should pass, and be put in force, bar-rooms in theatres will be a "dead cock in the pit." Country members of our State Legislature take a more equitable view of the liquor trade than those "gentlemen of the profession" who, in setting the ball in motion, aimed at one particular class of game. The "rurals" make a sweeping shot, and bang away at whatever comes within reach, bringing down big and little at one pop. Our "rural" friends wish nothing better than an opportunity to "do" a little law for the *city* of New York. We await, with patience and resignation, the final disposition of Mr. Robertson's bill, and with it the disposition of bar-rooms connected with any and every place of public amusement in the *city* of New York. And your petitioners will every pray, and so forth.

Talking about law, we see that the managers of the New Bowery Theatre have just been cast in five hundred dollars' worth, with the privilege of paying the costs in addition. The case—another legal puff for Dion Bourcicault's "Octoroon"—began in the U. S. Circuit Court, on the 9th inst., before Judge Shipman. Of course Dion is the plaintiff—he has a plaintive "way wid him." He seeks to recover $2,500 damages from George L. Fox and James W. Lingard, as proprietors of the New Bowery Theatre, for a violation of his (Dion's) copyright, by producing the aforesaid "Octoroon" on the nights of January 28, 29, 30 and 31, and on that of February 2, 1860, without the consent of the aforesaid Dion, who actually claims to be the "author" (a new character for Dion) of the play, or drama, or whatever it should be called. Nobody ever questioned Dion's abilities as an inventor or crammer, and he engaged a highly respectable legal gentleman, named Henry A. Cram, to prosecute this suit, unless Judge Shipman should think proper to ship off such a theatrical puff to—some other place. Now, Ex Judge Whiting, who would take his coat off at any time, in defence of the New Bowery, play or par, on the P. P. principle, was especially retained to defend the aforesaid George L. Fox and James W. Lingard in this particular case. Perhaps Dion, living over there in Europe, "at a distance," little thought that he would be opposed by such a whole-team of an opposition-line as "Little Bitters." However, such is the fact. The defence "opened out rich." Item 1.—Mr. Bourcicault bourcicaulted the affair while in the employ of Manager Stuart at the Winter Garden. 2.—The herein defendants purchased "the manuscript of the play and scenery" from Manager Stuart, and produced it at the New Bowery with his permission. These two points were proved by the testimony of Manager Stuart himself. 3.—There was no authorship to claim, as the play was adapted from Mayne Reid's "Quadroon." Lieut Reid served too long in Florida to invent such an impossibility as an "Octoroon," and hence our previous remarks on this subject are fully confirmed. The evidence on both sides gives us a "peep behind the scenes," and we also get an idea of what the "immense expense" attendant on the production of a new piece amounts to, for the Bowery managers paid $100 for the manuscript, and $350 for the scenery and machinery of the piece; making less than $500 for a play that was supposed to have been produced at an outlay of several thousands of dollars. It was in evidence that the plaintiff, while engaged at the Winter Garden theatre, on Broadway, wrote and produced this play. After it had a run, some difficulty occurred between the author and the manager, and the former withdrew from the theatre. Mr. Wm. Tryon, the treasurer of the defendants, applied to Mr Stuart to purchase the manuscript of the drama, and for the consideration of $100 the transfer was made, Mr. Stuart retaining a copy of the manuscript. By a subsequent arrangement, the scenery and machinery of the piece became the property of the defendants for the sum of $350. On the Monday after these transactions the piece was produced at the defendants' theatre. It was proved that the usual advertisements in the daily and weekly papers, and by posters and small bills, notice was given that the piece was to be produced by permission of Mr. Stuart, and the plaintiff knew of the performance by passing the theatre daily, recognizing one of the defendants. Lingard, one of the defendants, proved that it was customary for managers to employ a dramatic author, at a weekly salary, to write pieces for the management, which then became the sole property of the managers. It was, therefore, contended that the right had passed from the employee to the employer, and that Stuart, and not Bourcicault, was the owner of the drama, he having received for ten weeks a salary of $700 per week. After this the agreement was changed, in order to produce the "Octoroon," on condition of his (Bourcicault) having one-half of the net profits. Under this state of facts, counsel for the defendants, ex-Judge Whiting, contended that either the drama had been dedicated to the public use or an abandonment of his right to take out a copyright; otherwise he had passed away his right to Stuart & Field, who had transferred it to the defendants.

Now the judge took a a different view of the case in his summing up, and as his remarks may be of importance to the profession generally, and to authors in particular, we append his charge:—"The literary property of the play, if it was the original production of the plaintiff, was in him; that he produced, wrote it, Stuart testified, and the fact that he was in the employ of Stuart would confer upon the latter no title to the play, and no right to use it beyond the terms of his contract, which was to bring out his play at the Winter Garden. When a man hires another to write a work, the literary composer is the author, and not the employer. The author employed to write a book or play, although he may use facts and incidents open to all, if, by his own intellectual labor, he produces a composition substantially new in itself, he is entitled to a copyright. Many of the finest productions of genius, productions that have enriched the literature of the world, have embodied much that was old and well known. The old materials may be likened to dry bones, which the breath of creative genius clothes with flesh and calls into life. That an author may abandon his production to the public; but in this case there is no evidence of any such abandonment on the part of the plaintiff. That under the terms of the contract between the plaintiff and Stuart, or his trustee, Field, whatever might be their right to represent the play under their own management or supervision, the contract gave them no power to sell that right to the defendants, and they could confer no right upon the defendants to play at the New Bowery Theatre, an entirely independant establishment, without the consent of the author. That if the defendants did so represent it, as stated by Miss Burke, then the jury will inquire if it was with the consent of the plaintiff. If it was with the consent of the plaintiff, then he is not entitled to recover. If it was without his consent, the defendants as an answer to the claim of plaintiff, the burthen of proof is on the defendants. The play bill, upon which the defendants seek to charge the plaintiff with knowledge, and from which knowledge without dissent they seek to infer his assent, counted upon the purchase from Stuart. Now, it is for the jury to say whether the defendants were, or even supposed they were, acting under the consent of the plaintiff. Extract from the play bill of the New Bowery Theatre:—

TO THE PUBLIC.—Messrs. Fox & Lingard beg to inform their patrons and the public that they have purchased from W. Stuart, Esq., the proprietor of Winter Garden, the successful drama of the "Octoroon," with all the scenery, properties, music, machinery, and same brilliant manner that characterized its original success.

The statute says not less than $100 for the first night and $50 for subsequent nights. Miss Burke says nine nights. Tais gives $500. There is no evidence upon which the jury can, with propriety, exceed the sum fixed by the statute. The jury, after a short absence, brought in a verdict of $500 for the plaintiff, which carries costs.

We presume the New Bowery managers are just so much out by the production of the "Octoroon" at such an "immense outlay." Dion is always in luck.

"Balancez!" seems to have been the word of command last week, not merely among our mercantile accountants and dancing masters, but also at our theatres. We have felt puzzled, sometimes, how to sort out our comparisons, and make them available in print. Representatives, we well know to be not in good acceptation. Somebody, we forget the feller's name, has said that the best cosmetic for a lady is a delicate compliment, judiciously applied. Now, although we idolize the sex, our usual candor and directness of expression may unfit us for shining at any such diplomatic business. Besides, we yet cling to an idea that no true lady wishes to be praised by the disparagement of another. As for the men fellers, they must take care of themselves in such times of provocative comparisons. "Did you ever" witness such a criss-cross jumble, and such a "hands across and back again" time? Considerable circumspection is required to be quite sure what theatre we are in when sober reality asks us the question. Wallack's and Niblo's last week, and Laura Keene's and the Winter Garden this week, show about as active a four handed reel as any clear-headed critic would be able to keep in countenance, and retain his own senses. However, the people seem to like the fun. Here we have Mrs. Hoey's Lady Teazle, and that of Mrs Julia Bennet Barrow. Where is the pallisopher who can oracularly decide between? Then we see Lester Wallack's Charles Surface and that of William Wheatley. Splendiferous bucks. Put W. R. Blake's Sir Peter Teazle by the side of Mark Smith's, and they are like two bottles of Port out of the same dozen, but yet a difference in the after smack. Then we try to analyze Charles Fisher's Joseph Surface by the side of J. W. Wallack's, and a slippery pair they prove. "Sly dogs!" Stepping around to Niblo's, or to the Winter Garden, we find John Sleeper Clarke's Tilly Slowboy in comparison with Mrs. John Wood's. Tight fit. Then we see Levick's Lord Dundreary with all our recollections of the "Iwwewistible" Sothern. Next comes E. L. Davenport's Hamlet, or Othello, as they may be, compared with those of Forrest, Booth, Charles Kean, or—but, no matter, for Ned is well able to "stand the pressure." Then we have the nervous and energetic John T. Raymond, as Asa Trencher, in comparison with the unctuous Joseph Jefferson, and it is hard to tell which is the liver live Yankee of the two. Binney, the original Perters, stands almost alone in his glory. Laura Keene always takes care to keep her feminine battalions in a high state of efficiency; and, when we see such beautiful and accomplished actresses as Mrs. Lotty Hough, Miss Sark Stevens, Mrs. J. H. Allen, Miss Ione Burke, not forgetting Miss Etcetera, comparison is out of the question—for the time being.

The "long run" predicted by the critics of the daily press for "Little Tom" and "Robinson Crusoe," at Laura Keene's, came to an abrupt termination on the 8th inst., and on the following night "Our American Cousin" was revived, with John T. Raymond as Asa Trenchard, and Mr. Levick as Dundreary. Business improved somewhat, but the rehash has not achieved that "unexampled success" claimed for it by Miss Keene in her advertisements.

Mr. J. S. Clarke has been doing Tilly Slowboy, in Bourcicault's Dickens' "Dot," at the Winter Garden. We have not yet had the pleasure of witnessing the entire performance.

Another Clarke, Mr. C. W., has been playing a brief eng

lack's. It was a bold stroke on the part of Manager Wallack to attempt to break down the sensation drama, and in this instance hope told no flattering tale. We now have good plays, well played, and well patronized. Mr. Wallack heads his advertisements with the words "Unexampled Success," and he is right, for the "standard" has done for the new theatre what Tom Taylor and his sensation trash could never have accomplished.

We are to have another operatic spasm at the Academy this week, Mr. Gran having hired the house for the 15th and 17th inst. Miss McHogg, M. Brignoli, M. Susini, and M. Mancusi will officiate.

Wallack's old stand seems well occupied with the Broadway Music Hall. The Star Troupe of America is a good title for the admirable minstrel company there. As for the ballet troupe, each and every member deserves praise as a true artist. Van Olker's orchestra would be hard to beat, no allusion to the drummer. Mons. La Thorne shows his genius as stage-manager, in meeting every emergency of the varied and attractive performances.

At "them three fours" in Broadway, the American Concert Hall, we have Mr. Wray prestidigitating on his way into public favor. Fattie Stewart and the "Minstrel Boys" keep tuning up for fresh fun every evening. Miss Laura Bernard vocalizes us into the realms of melody, and the orchestra rosins us up into those of harmony, while the ballet performers point their toes like ever so many good fairies, bound to take care of us as long as we live. Altogether, 444 Broadway is one of the most attractive houses of its class, and citizens as well as strangers, attest the merits of the performances there exhibited.

The lovers of genuine Irish comedy will be glad to learn that Mr. John Drew arrived in New York on the 9th January, in the Kangaroo, from Liverpool.

A great struggle (so the show folks say) is going on after a small —very small specimen of the small—dwarf, who carries the name of George Washington Nutt. This individ. is eighteen years of age, and is thirteen inches less in height than Tom Thumb. Nutt usually cracks nuts at Manchester, N. H., and Barnum's boys are after him. As soon as the money-making documents are fixed, no doubt we shall all "hear enough" about this great discovery in a small way. Tom Thumb will have to take a back seat, or else take Newmarket sweats. The ladies are getting their lips ready for a salute with G-e-o-r-g-e W a s-h-i-n-g t-o-n Nutt.

Hooley's Minstrels, Mr. Nick Campbell, and some of our acrobatic friends, intend making a jump across to the Old Bowery on the 16th, when the doorkeeper and the assistant treasurer take a joint benefit.

Must we lose Mrs. Lotty Hough for a short time, and must she go to London? "Must" is a hard word.

We have done our best to enlighten our lawgivers up in Albany—where our sturdily virtuous representatives meet in sturgeondom—as to the number and kind of concert saloons in this city of concentrations in the concert saloon line. Here is a list:—Omitting repetions of the word "Hall," we find the Broadway Music, Canterbury, Free Concert, American, Fashion, Parlor Opera, Palace Hall, Melodeon, Gaieties, Kladeradatsch, Metropolitan, Dahlia, Gen. Siegel's, Oriental, Kaufman's Halle, Garibaldi, Trois Freres Provencaux, Elysian, Eagle Opera, Hitchcock's National, New Musical, Italian Opera, Musical Concert, Parlor, Diving Bell, Ton Halle, Ax My Eye, Bandbox, Divan Concert, Academy, Meurice's, Pop Goes the Weazel, Widow Malone's, Cuban Concert, etc. This list, it will be observed, comes between the innumerable "free-an-heasies" and those halls of minstrelsy (formerly objected to, but now) generally very respectable.

The reign of cant seems to be nightly defied at the Canterbury Music Hall, 535 Broadway. Refining mirth, delicate sentiment, and roaring farce, rule the hour, while all the Dominie Sampsons and Rev. Mr. Cantwells mentally sympathize or roar out laughing as loud as any body. Talk about Zampillaerostation, just see A. M. Hernandez, the great impaleaerostateur, and confess that some things can be done as well as others. It is enough to make the blackest darky turn pale with impaleaerostation. A new clown, Garry de Mott, does up the wise fool, this week. Billy Arlington dishes up the darky fun, with capital assistants. The dancing—well, it must be seen. Difficult work to sort out those girls when they get going it in their illusion gauze. Ashton and Rogers, with their troupe of acrobats, jump over all gymnasts. Speaking of jumping, Yankee Robinson's party have jumped to New York, and will gymnasticate with the other attractions at the Canterbury on and after the 20th instant, subject to further orders from the public.

We learn that "Manager Jim" himself intends soon to shine out on his own boards in some of his favorite personifications among the genteel comedies now given at Wallack's. O, that will be joyful, to see such parts once more. O thou revivification of revivals—thou rejuvenator of the old comedies—thou graceful bearer of the garlands of Thalia, distant be thy rheumatism, and let us see thee soon—as soon as we can get past the "Captain's office and settle" down into a good seat, with "three cheers for the old Vet!"

Laura Keene threatens to introduce "The Peep o'Day Boys" at her establishment, as soon as "Our American Cousin" may make way for it. The original tableaux of the London performance are to be equalled if possible. Where are the second-hand furniture men? O is beds and bath-tubs!

Another new company of minstrels—another and another yet!—is forming in Brooklyn and New York, the majority from the former. Their title is proposed as Hank Morton's Minstrels. We hope Hank's goose will hang high.

Mary Provost is not only with us, but is expected soon to appear in public. So gifted an actres could not remain unengaged.

A new German play, called "Der Waise von Berlin," is in rehearsal at the Stadt Theatre.

Manager Fleming's plans in relation to the Brooklyn Academy of Music have all been knocked on the head, and pretty Mrs. John Wood left out in the cold, by a pious committee. The same committee have consented (how kind!) to allow "Il Traviata" to be performed by manager Grau's Italian opera company! How "Old Scratch" must laugh!

Signora (Miss Whiting) Lorini is expected to return from Europe in a few days, and will make a short stay with her father, in Twenty-second street.

Strangers—as well as citizens—should drop in—and get a seat if they can—by going early—to see Dan Bryant's version of "The Stranger"—can't help laughing yet—pon honor—and then Eph Horn's Mrs. Haller—we had to make a snowball of our handkerchief—stuffed it into our mouth—went home—took up our pen—and here we are. All the other "boys" are equally dangerous on buttons and "hankerchers."

Hooley's Minstrels, 659 Broadway, win great applause from the most fashionable audiences nightly. Mr. Hooley expected, we believe, to get Niblo's Saloon about Christmas; but, other arrangements having been made, we perceive that he gives his entire attention to making his present hall, opposite Bond street, all that can be desired by the most select visitors. Of course Charley Fox, Dave Reed, Griffin, Reeves, Howard, etc., "second de moshum." A very heavy tragedy, called "Jane Ashore," is now in rehearsal.

We understand that Mollie Newton, sister of Kate, has just "arrove" in town, from Pittsburgh.

This current week we are to have four nights of Italian Opera, two in New York and two in Brooklyn. "La Traviata" is especially set down for Brooklyn on Thursday night, with Miss Kellogg (first time) as Violetta. Let Mrs. John Wood retire to a convent.

A very instructive commentary on the influences of a bigoted education occurred recently, when a "Shakespearean Reader," from the Eastern States, came to this city, and spouted King Lear at some out-of-the-way place. We draw the curtain of charity over the "kadidoes" of the aforesaid Geo. W. H., but may remark that he lost $700 in money, a gold watch, a guard chain of ditto, and all he ever had as a reputation.

GENERAL SUMMARY.

We understand that the loss to Messrs. Kunkel & Moxley, by the burning of the Richmond (Va.) Theatre, is much greater than was at first supposed. Perhaps some of our New York managers might be able to contrive a way of helping the poor workmen. We have an "idea" that (in the present state of political affairs especially) such an "act" would be favorably received, not merely in Richmond, but also in Baltimore, where Kunkel & Moxley are so well known.

Sam Ryan's Denin Troupe are now in Syracuse, after having had fair success in Utica. That little "an geel cheese-yild," Little Emilie Ryan (warranted a four year-old) rather astonishes our Western New York audiences as Little Eva, in "Uncle Tom's Cabin."

The Bronson Family are in Western New York, and were at Rome on the 11th Jan.

Among the signs of the times at Washington is the fact that Manager J. T. Ford has leased a church on Fourteenth street, and is fitting it up as a theatre. This is one way of walking into the enemy, preparatory to fording the Potomac.

Those Campbell Minstrels who are under the management of Dupont and Gaylord, were at Frederick City, Md., recently. After performing at Junior Hall to very fair business, they left "between two showers" on a Saturday afternoon when the editor of the *Examiner* in that city was expecting "further advices" from their treasurer, but (as he says) they left some bad names (which he gives) behind them, although posters had been displayed for "a grand performance" on the Saturday night. The editor aforesaid seems disposed to examine into the antecedents and future movements of such "Campbells a coming it."

"Beauty and the Beast" is in rehearsal at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, O.

The main fact of the favorable reception of Mrs F. B. Conway (sister of Mrs D. P. Bowers) in London, has already been recorded in our issue of the 4th Jan. As a suitable commentary, from an impartial source, we now give the following extract from the London *Standard* of Dec. 13, two days after Mrs. Conway's "dread experiment." The pleasure with which we made the original announcement is now much more enhanced, and we feel confident that the lady's numerous friends in this country will join us in sharing her professional triumph. The gift is not frequently "given" to make a favorable impression at once on the boards of (the modern) Sadler's Wells, nor could many actresses sustain so important a character in juxtaposition with such an actor as Manager Phelps. Here is the extract:—"It is somewhat curious that since its first production in May, 1836, at Covent Garden Theatre, on the occasion of Macready's benefit, the tragedy of 'Ion,' altered and adapted to the stage expressly for the great tragedian, has never been supported in the principal character by a male actor. When Macready resigned the part at Covent Garden, it was taken up at the Haymarket by Miss Ellen Tree, the original representative of Clemanthe; and since then ladies have invariably played it. The impression, however, left by Macready in his personation of the youthful hero was all but fatal to any subsequent performer. The natural elegance and pathos of Miss Ellen Tree but poorly made amends for those 'graces of beautiful elocution,' that 'fearful power of making the fantastic real,' that 'extraordinary power of vivifying the frigid and familiarizing the remote,' which critics of the day ascribed to the great actor, and which no doubt made, as Serjeant Talfourd affirmed in his preface, the performance of Ion 'one of the most remarkable triumphs of art which graced the stage for many years.' Why no gentleman performer since then essayed the part—at least in London, we cannot answer for the provinces or America—is sufficiently strange, and proves how distinct and idiosyncratic must have been Macready's genius. Miss Cushman's Ion had more power and more intensity than Miss Ellen Tree's—was, in fact, purer tragedy—but it was deficient in delicacy and refinement. In both ladies, the classical ease and dignity so necessary to the perfect realization of the character were entirely wanting. The part has now by tacit consent fallen into the repertory of ladies who aim at high tragedy; and the announcement in the present day of the performance of Ion by a male artist would, we feel assured, be received with a smile of credulity. A new actress appeared at Sadler's Wells Theatre on Wednesday evening in the character of Ion, and was entirely successful. The lady, who, we believe, is an American, has a fine, commanding figure, especially adapted to the grand tragic line, a good stage face, a deep, sonorous, well-toned voice, and great ease and dignity combined. She is perfect mistress of her movements, and treads the stage as if she were 'born on it.' Her elocution is clear and distinct, but occasionally a little abrupt, which takes from its impressiveness. Her action, although for the most part real and earnest, is rendered tame and monotonous by an almost unvarying use of the right hand. Her pathos, too, is sometimes carried to excess and its reality compromised by tears. With these exceptions we have nothing but praise for Mrs F. B. Conway, who cannot fail to become one of the most luminous stars of Mr. Phelps' company, and is destined, or we are much mistaken, to shine as a Shakesperian performer. In the early scenes of 'Ion' Mrs. Conway did not seem to make any sensible impression, although the energy she threw into the concluding lines of the first act, after Ion dismisses Habra with Clemanthe, and demands from the Powers on High strength to support him in his interview with the King—

'Ye Gods that have enrich'd the life ye claim
With priceless treasure, strengthen me to yield it'—

brought down the curtain with vociferous applause, and led to a hearty recall for the fair actress. Mrs. Conway's powers of elocution were exhibited to striking advantage in the speech from the altar in the third act, when Ion devotes his arm to the destruction of the King and his race. It was indeed very admirably delivered, and the well-remembered Macready point at the end—

'Was not that thunder?'

was most artistically and effectively given. Moreover, Mrs. Conway's attitude as she turned round in the act of listening for some seconds was extremely telling and beautiful. The new actress understands to admiration the effect of pose, and on many occasions throughout her performance her study of the statuesque was apparent to every eye. The most effective scene of all was that at the commencement of the fourth act, where Ion, having stolen into the Royal chamber to kill Adrastus, is remonstrating with him beforehand, when Medon rushes in, and bids him hold his hand from slaying his father. This highly dramatic scene was powerfully realised by Mrs. Conway and Mr. Phelps, and created a great sensation. The self-immolation of Ion in the final scene was well acted by Mrs. Conway, although we suspect it was too prone to tearful display—and the last speech, when the expiring youth, hearing that the pestilence has begun to abate, starts to his feet in the last vital struggle, blesses his country, and dies, was full of passion and vigor. The close was indeed triumphant."

The Allentown, Pa., *Democrat* asserts that Miss Gilmore, the manageress of the "Dime Opera" in that place, absconded on the night preceding Christmas, leaving sundry creditors to whistle for their dues. "Du, da, day."

The Blaisdell Brothers, Swiss Bell Ringers, were at Allentown, Pa., on the 30th and 31st ult.

Managers of concert troupes will observe by an advertisement in these columns, that Mr. Charles H. Pease, a bass singer, soloist, etc., is in want of an engagement after the 15th inst. His having been connected with the Zouave Concert Troupe, would seem a sufficient endorsement of his ability.

Alexandria, Va., and Georgetown, D. C., now have a minstrel hall in each, and both are doing well, as they share the general prosperity of such institutions in Washington and neighborhood.

Among the recent arrivals at the Varieties, in Cleveland, Ohio, are Ed. De Haven, James Flake, Mdlle. Leonetti, and Maggie Bowers, leading members of a minstrel or medley company. Add Weaver, Mrs. Weaver, and Master Barney, closed up a fair business of two months at that house on the 4th of Jan.

Professor Wyman seems to be doing well at Temperance Temple, Baltimore. Why should not the man do well?

John E. Owens is fulfilling an engagement at Bland's Theatre, in Washington. Johnee meets Humphree.

C. J. Heartwell and J. B. Turner made their first appearance at the Academy of Music, Cleveland, Ohio, on the 31 of Jan., as Claude and Beauseant, in "The Lady of Lyons." Emma Webb was the Pauline, and both the new comers were favorably "elected."

From St. Louis, we learn by means of our correspondent "Seneca," as follows:—"J. Wilkes Booth commenced a two-weeks engagement at the St. Louis Theatre on the 6th inst., opening as Richard III. On the 7th he appeared as Hamlet, on the 8th as Macbeth, and so on through a round of Shakespearean characters. During Mr. Booth's stay we shall have that startling old play, 'The Apostate.' He is to be succeeded by Miss Kimberly. Business at the St. Louis is very good, and considering the times remarkably so; all the stars who have played there this season having reason to be satisfied.....Varieties Music Hall is doing as well as it deserves, for the general merit of the performance. There have been some slight changes among the lists of negro performers, J. T. Boyce, late 'end man,' having gone to the Bowery, and being replaced by Nick Wolsey. Julia Hamilton and Mlle. Velarde continue to be favorites among the dancseuses. S. S. Purdey seems a host in himself. His versatility of talent would make him an acquisition to any company. Other members I have previously mentioned; all are good, in various degrees. Manager Deagle is sparing no effort to produce the pantomime of "Sinbad the Sailor." The introduction to the pantomime was written by Ed. Berry, and is like Worcestershire sauce in addition.....The Melodeon, Bowery, and the regular Zoological Garden, are all doing well, in spite of very cold weather.....You know what those eleven thousand young women were said to be who were formerly slain at Cologne, and sainted for it? Well, I am told that the whole ballet troupe of the Varieties are in a similarly pristine state, but I somewhat suspect that will only do to 'tell to the marines.' Maybe so, can't always tell."

Mr. and Mrs. Waller opened at Hartford, Conn., on the 6th inst.

Miss Jane Coombs is to be Juliet when Mons. Fechter gives his Romeo at the Princess's, London.

A young Edwin Booth has come upon the stage of life in Manchester, Eng.

Some of our usual items from Boston correspondents are missing this week, on account of the fog detaining their favors.

Little Dollie Dutton's party were at Pratt's Hall, Providence, R. I., on the 7th, 8th, 9th, 10th, and 11th instants, and holding two "levees" a day at that!

Hurd & Riley's dramatic company commence business at Madison, Wis., on the 13th inst. Their previous stay among the Janesvillians was not much patronized by the civilians, but the soldiers came to the rescue in the most liberal manner. Bella Golden singing "The Bowld Soger Boy," left the legitimate nowhere, but "The Star Spangled Banner," with a tippitewitchet on the drum, caused a general interchange of caps, canes, swords, and "sich things" during the temporary furore of immediate approbation. Thus far, the trip from Milwaukee has paid tolerably well.

The Gayety Music Hall, Albany, N. Y., seems gayer than ever. That pantomime with the awfully long name (mentioned by us last week) is a complete success. The patriotic tableaux are well given, and the whole arrangement, with D. W. Collins singing "No North, No South," shows the right spirit. Lee Powell had a benefit on the 10th. "Ondine" is in preparation.

Hermann, the prestidigitateur, prestidigitates at the Academy of Music, Providence, R. I., the first three days of this week, commencing 13th, and the last three, (the people of) Providence permitting. They pays their money, and they has their choice.

Brooklyn, our Oriental neighbor, is a place where young people brook no delays, and are "always ready" (as Windust would say) to visit Gretna Green, Donnybrook Fair, Coney Island, or any other "parts adjacent." We understand that a new company of minstrels are preparing for public "biz," under the management of George E. Baldwin. The party has sixteen performers, and their ages range between eighteen and twenty-two, so that whatever talents they may bring forth, they certainly have youth in their favor.

Mr. Charles Richardson, of Providence, R. I., is dramatizing Mrs. Victor's story of "Maum Guinea, and Her Plantation Children."

W. West, manager of the Leslie Campbell Minstrels, took a benefit on the 9th inst., at Newton, N. J. The Sussex Cornet Band assisted in the entertainment.

The Fakir of Ava is at the Maryland Institute, Baltimore, where he carries on as usual, giving away horses and other quadrupeds in a style that must astonish the most glib-tongued auctioneers. One gentleman, the other evening, fresh from the rural districts, sung out from one of the back seats to inquire whether "them hosses was guv away on the squar or not." Echo is said to have made a roaring answer.

Among the signs of enterprise in the West we are always glad to witness the uprising of new theatrical temples. That at Painesville, Ohio, recently erected by Asa Childs, is quite likely to show a lively "record" very soon. Mr. Childs has done his part nobly in fitting up a beautiful little theatre, as we are assured by reliable correspondents. We hope that the people of Painesville will leave their business troubles outside, and find purely theatrical pleasures inside, whenever visiting this little fairy palace of Mr. Childs.

Taking (or giving) a farewell in Norma seems to be what our medical friends would call it—the "normal state" of Madame Grisi's professional career. In Dublin, on the 22d Dec., the joke was repeated before a very enthusiastic audience. At the end of the first act, many greasy caps were thrown up in honor of Grisi. An address, beautifully engrossed on vellum, was presented to her. At the conclusion, she was escorted to her residence by a torchlight procession. She came out on the balcony, and sang "The Last Rose of Summer," and the effect is said to have been electrical.

The recent closing of the Detroit Theatre has caused a scatterification thence. But, when people get into strait (detroit) place, Providence sometimes opens one door when another closes. Mrs. H. A. Perry, Mrs. Burroughs, Miss Welford, T. E. Wolfe, C. P. Degroot, and Mark L. Grayson, are at the New Opera House, in Buffalo. J. W. Albaugh is at Indianapolis. The present location of the remainder will be found among our notices in this issue.

Puns, "good, bad, and indifferent," abound in the extravaganza portions of the old-country pantomimes. That at Edinburgh, Scotland, rather goes ahead in "allusions to the times." In one portion, the speaker thus alludes to the Yankees:—

"If they won't *cotton* to their best friend,
They'll find they'll soon be worsted in the end."

This sort of worsting would be best let alone. We do not "take" the joke. There may be a war between cotton and worsted for all we care. As worsted nightcaps and socks are now quite seasonable, we feel tempted to inquire—which end?

Mr. James W. Craig seems likely to stay in Cleveland, O. His Gnatbrain in "Black-eyed Susan," and "sich like" characters, have attracted much attention in the West.

Professor Rarey, the horse tamer, gave two exhibitions at Young Men's Hall, Detroit, recently, and "charmed" about $800 for the two nights. This is horse talk to some purpose.

The company of the Providence Theatre took "a run over the road" to Fall River, Mass., on the 9th Jan., and changed the scenes a little. The factory hands had a general "lighting up," of countenances, at least.

Adah Isaacs Menken commenced an engagement in Albany, N. Y., on the 13th Jan. On her beautiful mare, she does some daring feats (not on foot) in "Mazeppa." A dashing equestrienne is Adah. Some masculine friend ought to protect her precious neck. A five-barred gate seems nothing to her.

In an entertainment recently given at Camp Wickliffe, near Cincinnati, Lieut. Sheridan recited "Shamus O'Brien" and Hood's poem of "Eugene Aram," while Alf. Burnett (still alive and kicking) gave the well-known "Debate between Slabsides and Garotte." Our military friends seem to have had a very happy time, honored with the presence of their division and brigade officers.

Kate McEvoy had a complimentary benefit at Detroit on the 7th Jan. John W. Whiston was among the volunteers.

Rumsey & Newcomb's Minstrels, eighteen in number, opened for a new season at St. Martin's Hall, Long Acre, London, on the 6th Jan.

Buckley's Serenaders, not forgetting Miss Julia Gould, played on the first four nights of 1862 in Detroit. They are now in Lockport, N. Y., and proceed next to Buffalo.

Mr. and Mrs. W. J. Florence enjoyed their Christmas week, just like common people, in London, after a very brief tour in the provincial districts.

Troy's Union Minstrels made a sortie from St. Louis on New Year's day, for a tour in Illinois. They were at Edwardsville on the 9th and 10th Jan. J. Julian is now the banjoist, Johnny Troy prestidigitates the bones, Tom Cannon twirls the tamborine, and Price Troy rejuvenates in the jig dances. Johnny Troy will be remembered by our readers as an end man when the original company had the name of Troy's Virginia Minstrels.

The annexed communication from "Clipper Charlie" in reference to the tariff imposed on "actor folk" in Indiana, we publish for the benefit of those it may concern. Writing from Camp Geo. Wood, Munfordsville, Ky., under date of Jan. 8th, 1862, he says:—DEAR CLIPPER: I notice in your issue of the 4th inst., that a correspondent at Madison, Ind., inquires why that "burgh" has been so much slighted by the "actor folks" lately. I had long ago attributed it to the oft stated reason of the high tariff imposed on them in "Hoosierdom." I can substantiate your correspondent's statement that licences are low there (in Madison), as I know that the city tax on travelling exhibitions is only $5—hardly ever extorted—and the county tax nominally $20; but, out of seventeen different establishments that were there during the year ending last April—at which time the writer left for the wars—I know of thirteen of them that paid nothing at all. The members of the profession will find in Mr. Tyree Pogue, County Treasurer, or his deputy, Mr. Harry Bundy, a firm friend and co-worker, and in the latter a fellow professional. The hotels are as good as are in the country, and prices moderate. Either of the halls to which your correspondent refers, the Melodeon and Columbian, can be had for $8 per night, or a reasonable deduction for a season of nights. Both halls are first class concert halls, provided with scenery, and capable of seating respectively 900 and 1300 persons with ease, the Melodeon being fitted with arm chairs. Mr. Charley Smith, the affable proprietor of the Melodeon, is an old hand at the "biz," and will guarantee his patrons satisfaction in regard to price and all other points. Charley left the boards about thirty years ago, since which time he has been in the present business, and for the last-twenty-five in Madison. He retired on account of his ill health, and should be supported by the business of his fellow "profs." He will be found a thorough business man, and will act as agent for any of the halls in the city.

In the way of news I have nothing to offer "that is proper for publication," (that's the style of the dailies, I believe) except that the Louisville and Nashville Railroad bridge over Green River is now repaired, and trains are crossing. We are momentarily expecting to receive "general orders" to prepare for an advance. To-day is not being observed as the anniversary of the Battle of New Orleans, with the exception of the 29th Ind., and 77th Pa., Vols. The Louisville *Journal* of to-day says that Paul Morphy is on Gen Johnston's staff at Bowling Green. Our brigade is composed of the 29th and 30th Ind., and the 34th Ill., and 77th Pa. Vols., and commanded by Gen. T. J. Wood, whose staff is composed of Capts. Leonard, Clark, Carmon and Wiley, and Dr. Goldsmith, surgeon, and Lieut. Chas. La Rue, Asst. Com. of Sub. Mr. John S. Graham, late of the Keokuk Theatre, is clerk in the Com. Dept., under Capt. G. W. Wiley, C. S.

Morris Brothers, Pell & Trowbridge's Minstrels, keep "carrying on," just like "a special train," in Boston. Their budget of novelties can stand any demands, but the public approbation is so decided that novelties are not needed for increasing the business. Lon Morris is just the boy to keep piling on the attractions.

The New Opera House, Buffalo, N. Y., opened on the 13th Jan., with the "School for Scandal." Isaac C. Pray is lessee, and J. T. Rogers stage manager. J. T. Mitchell takes the place of C. C. Mathews. Mr. Larnier and Miss Mary Shaw are new comers.

Captain Smith is rushing things in Albany. Miss A. I. Menken opened at his house on the 13th, in "The French Spy."

Mrs. Mat. Peel's Minstrels did a good business on the 9th, 10th, and 11th, at the New Opera House, Buffalo, N. Y., while the Buckleys were playing at St. James' Hall there on the same nights, also to good houses.

The Bohemian Troupe of Glass Blowers have now been five weeks at Association Hall, Albany, N. Y. One day last week twelve hundred school children came, *en masse*, as the Frenchmen say, and every little shaver "took a glass" present home. Mr. Woodroffe's Troupe seem likely to remain, for he has the right kind of Bohemians.

O'Hara's Dramatic Troupe and Brass Band did well in Dansville, N. Y., and opened at Leroy on the 9th. Mr. C. N. Lewis and Miss Sarah Lyons have "joined" the troupe.

Thomas Carr, formerly manager of the Metropolitan, at Buffalo, and the Adelphi, at Troy, is now building a new concert hall at Buffalo.

Our Irish friends have much reason to be proud of their young countrywoman, Ellen Cronan (Signorina Elena) who is with the Grisi Troupe.

John T. Raymond left the Troy Adelphi on the 6th, because of the non-arrival of Peter Richings and Caroline Richings, and the usual wardrobe.

About the most successful place of amusement in Pittsburgh, Pa., is Trimble's Varieties.

Business looks very blue (not royal blue) around the Royal Lyceum, at Toronto, Canada. So people say.

Another testimonial, amounting to about $10,000, is to greet Charles Kean soon, in London. Not bad to take. Will he make a keen retort?

The Union Concert Hall (formerly National Theatre), Boston, seems to lose nothing by its change of title. The Seven Star Sisters and their Zouave Drill, with Kitty Stevens, Ella Hayes, Master Charles, etc., present a variety of attractions which illuminate the darkness usually surrounding that peculiar location.

Our correspondents seem to have paid particular attention to that "Hey Diddle Diddle" pantomime at the London Surrey. The twelve daughters of a neighboring king (in the piece) being in the habit of dancing their shoes to pieces almost every night—

"The King, not knowing, like old boots abuses,
Because so soon they wear out all their shooses."

Those twelve little twirling princesses are said to be—

"Dancing fandangoes on their heads and toes,
And how they does it only Goodness knows."

But, of course, His Majesty wishes to find out—

"Why his twelve daughters cut those rummy capers,
Further described in all the morning papers."

Harrisburgh, Pa., is a great burgh, with or without the final A, and its burghers are great people. Ask the Pennsylvania politicians. Manager Samuel S. Sanford has been "thar," and surveyed the corner of Third street and Blackberry alley, holding a wand like that of Prospero. With the aid of the enterprising tradesmen and gifted mechanics of Harrisburg, a commodious and tastefully fitted-up temple of amusement has been opened to the public, business commencing on the 7th of Jan., with a capital bill of attractions in the good old Philadelphia style. This was the work of little more than a week. Great "wheelbarrow feats" were performed, of course, beating Ben Perley Poor, John Brougham, H. J. Jarrett, and the Kensington trip of Cool White, etc., of a few years ago. Without joking, such was Sanford's industry and eagerness on the recent occasion at Harrisburg, that he fell off a 20 foot ladder and sprained one of his ankles so that he had to be carried into the house when the "biz" began. This new hall is a gem of its kind. The stage is thrity feet wide by twenty-five feet deep, and elegantly fitted up, with all the modern improvements; a concave front and the foot lights held by brackets; the dressing rooms, paint and property rooms being over the stage. The auditorium is magnificently decorated in gold and white; the drapery gold and green. The ceiling is frescoed and laid out in panels of gold. The walls are papered with a gold-finished paper; the front of the boxes, a tint of lilac and gold, with globe gas burners, and presents a rich appearance. The orchestra, with chairs, is carpeted with ingrain of a green hue. The stage boxes (which thus have their proper name) are situated on the sides; one of these is intended for the State box, whenever the Governor of Pennsylvania visits. All the appointments and decorations seem to "speak right out in meetin'." Julia Sanford leads the dancing, and J. B. Carncross the ballad singing, while the Opera Troupe are "as good as new."

The authorities of Philadelphia are moving against those concert saloons which have neglected to take out a license. On Saturday evening last, a few of them were closed until the proprietors had sought out the city treasurer, and forked over the "equiva," when the embargo was removed, and the gas touched off. It was a narrow escape, "for this night only." Moral.—Never go into the water till you know how to swim."

"When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war." The two Irish comedians, Barney Williams and John Drew, will have a lively time of it in Philadelphia this week. Barney "doing his pootiest" at the Walnut, and Drew "drawing it mild" at the Arch. Mr. D. making his first appearance since his return from Australia, Great Britain, etc. His opening night is the 13th, and the pieces the "Irish Ambassador," and the "Irish Tutor."

Mr. Edwin Forrest's performances at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, will close this evening, Jan. 13th.

Dupont & Gaylord's Campbell Minstrels are announced to open at Concert Hall, Philadelphia, on the 14th inst.

The Continental, Philadelphia, under Mr. McKeon's management, is not doing a very healthy trade. Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams, at the Walnut, close by, get the cream.

Miss Kimberly commences an engagement for Manager De Bar, at St. Louis, on the 20th Jan., the times and the war permitting.

Mrs. (Agnes Robertson) Bourcicault was unable, on account of indisposition, to perform at the London Adelphi during Christmas week. Miss Ranoe, a "young lady from the provinces," supplied her place; that is, on the stage.

An experienced manager, from Philadelphia, is about to open the Canterbury at Pittsburgh, Pa., with a new and well-selected company.

Professor MacEvoy's Cyclorama and musical *corps* with Whiston, the Humorist, completed a most successful engagement in Detroit, Michigan, on the 7th inst., the closing evening being devoted to the benefit of the Professor's family, gotten up by the influential citizens of the place. Mr Charles MacEvoy, a son of the Professor, is gaining laurels daily by his masterly performances upon the violin, and Whiston, the Humorist, loses nothing by travelling west. The Detroit *Free Press* of the 29th says, Mr. "Whiston as the 'Old Maid' and 'Country Cousin'" was perfectly irresistable and any one who can do hearty laughing over genuine humor will be delighted with Whiston.

Senorita Isabel Cubas, the fascinating danseuse, played a very successful engagement last week in Baltimore. On the opening night it was impossible to get standing room when the curtain rose. On the occasion of her benefit the theatre was a mass of human beings. This week she is in Washington. Her style will just suit the Military. Col. T. Allston Brown is her business agent.

Hurd and Riley's Dramatic company were at Janesville, Wis., last week, and in consequence of the soldiers being about to be paid off will remain—by request—for a short period. Business fair to middling. The company open at Milwaukee, Wis., on the 20th inst.

Artemus Ward delivers his lecture, "The Babes in the Woods," before the Young Mens' Lyceum, at Mechanics' Hall, Utica, N. Y., 14th inst.

A Trojan editor says that Madame Susini *nee* Hinckly, has retired for a limited period to make preparations for the expected advent of a little stranger.

Gen. Tom Thumb and his "brigade" evacuate Milwaukee, Wis., this Monday, Jan. 13; and force a march through Waukesha, on the 14th, advancing upon Whitewater, 15th, and quarter at Madison, 16th and 17th, whence they will make an attack upon Janesville, for three days, bombarding Beloit, Wis., Freeport and Galena, Ill., the five days following. Dubuque, Iowa, will be assaulted on the 26th, 27th, 28th and 29th. Quarters not given, but received.

Bayard Taylor, lectures at Janesville, Beloit, Wis., and Freeport, Ill., on the 21st, 22d, and 23d inst.

Prof. Anderson, opens this, Monday, evening, Jan. 13th, at the Milwaukee Academy of Music. Heller the "Magishineer" opened at Chicago, in advance of Anderson, and took all his "cream."

Woods' Minstrels were at Whitehall, N. Y., at last advices.

In our previous issue, Sherry Corbyn, our San Francisco, Cal., correspondent, writing from that city under date of Dec. 5, briefly alluded to the illness of Harry Perry. Since then, from a private communication, written in the sick chamber of the decaying actor, on Dec. 13th, we learn, and with regret, that Mr. Perry's case assumed an aggravated form and his death was hourly expected. Poor Harry, may the next mail bear to us other tidings than that of his demise.

"Young Rapid" writing from Washington, D. C., under date of Jan. 11, says:—"Show business in this city is very lively at the present time. King's Circus is doing well with Dan Rice's. He opened here on Monday last to an overflowing house and was warmly received. On the second night Dan was laboring under a heavy cold caught in the building. He remains another week. Mr. King has erected a very substantial and commodious building, and has got together a very good working company. Among the artists engaged, are the following:—The Rolland Brothers as the Motley Brothers and upon the trapeze are very fine indeed. They are very deserving young men. Mr. F. Tournaire rides a principal act in a very creditable manner. He seems as much at home on the back of his steed as on *terra firma*. The Perche Equinoise by Messrs. King and Smith meets with great applause. Billy Kincaide is master of the tumbling act—an act which reflects great credit upon the members of the company. Old Dan Gardner loses nothing of his youthful fire, and cracks his jokes with as unsparing a hand as characterized his bygone efforts. Dan is a great favorite with Washingtonians. The 'star' of the show, little Eliza Gardner, styled in the bills La Petite Eloise, is merely a child—a half grown Zoyara—a little Queen of the circus. She dashes through balloon after balloon with much ease, and treads her living flooring with perfect security. Her every attitude is instinct with nature, grace and elegance, and indeed, in every respect, she is one of the most delightfully miniature feminine examples of equitation my eyes have ever fallen upon. The horse Excelsior and *them* mules of Dan Rice's are a great attraction.....At the theatre John E. Owens concludes a successful engagement, this evening. On Monday the beautiful and fascinating Spanish *danseuse* commences an engagement of six nights at this theatre. I understand that her late engagement in Baltimore was very successful. She is very beautiful, and with this accomplishment added to youth, and the support of twelve handsome ballet ladies, the soldiery will throng the theatre to its utmost every night she appears. We have long wanted something on the ballet style, to suit the tastes of our military. Mr. Benj. Rogers is the low comedian at this establishment.....George Christy's Minstrels are at their Opera House (the new theatre) in this city.....The Canterbury Music Hall is doing a very good business. A band of music, headed by a large transparency, parades the streets every day.....There is a side show open on the Avenue, near the Capitol, and it is coining money.....The Hutchinson Family were here three nights this week.....On Monday next the French Zouaves give dramatic performances at Odd Fellows' Hall, and remain three nights..... On Thursday, John Wyman, the well known magician, opens at Odd Fellows' Hall. He has been doing a fair business at Baltimore.....On the 20th, Grau's Italian Opera Troupe open at this theatre.....Ford's new theatre (now occupied by George Christy) will be ready for occupancy about the 20th of February. It is to be upon the same plan as the Baltimore Holliday Street Theatre.

Our correspondent "Shaker," writing from Philadelphia under date of the 10th inst., communicates the following:—"The theatrical depression which I predicted about a month ago has not only fairly set in, but is assuming formidable proportions. Theatrical managers have cut down salaries, in some instances one half, and the managers of concerts are following suit. To tell the truth, the season at the Academy has not been an absolute success, the fact disproving it being the termination of the season two weeks before the expiration of the lease. The houses this week have been very poor. McCullough's benefit was a terrible display of empty benches. Why did not the eminent tragedian assist his acknowledged aid on this occasion? Mr. Forrest is to be the recipient of a benefit on Monday evening.....Mr. and Mrs. Barney Williams have been playing to very fair houses this week at the Walnut, but not to the old fashioned audiences, when ladies considered themselves lucky if they got standing accommodations.....The Arch has not done first-rate this week. The patriotic play of "Scotto" has been performed, and is the best thing of the kind I have seen. Mr. John Drew commences here on Monday evening. This engagement, I think, will save the Arch.....Sanford is doing very well. His performances are of a superior order. Mr. Paine commenced here on Monday evening. He is a fine singer, and, in conjunction with such artists as Moran, Dougherty, Glenn, and others, the entertainment must necessarily be an attractive one.....Miss Millie Fowler left the Melodeon on Monday last. The houses this week have been none of the best. Manager Rivers has effected an engagement with Eva Brent, Galletti, Velarde, Ogden, and Sharpley—an immense combination of first-class talent—and as reciprocal for such Herculean endeavors, many will visit the Melodeon this week. As the proprietors of the Race street and Chestnut street establishments have plenty of money, however, which "will talk," it is fair to presume that all the above named people will, in the course of a week or two, be located in one or both of these places. The Alhambra has done as profitable a business as any of the concert halls, as the expenses of the place are low. The houses have been comfortably filled every evening, and the performances have been really first-class. Miss Julia Mortimer commenced here on Monday, and her reception was a perfect ovation. She has a multiplicity of friends, a fact which must be perceptible to the treasurers. Miss Julia Christine bounded upon the stage in La Zingarilla on Wednesday evening

A BATTLE WITH A WHALE.

"LOWER away the boats!" shouts the captain, as he descends to the deck. They are instantly lowered, followed by the crews, and now comes the tug of war. Each boat sets her sail, and the men pull in good earnest. While they are skimming the waves the whale is still spouting, and all are anxious to reach him before his "spoutings are out." It frequently happens, when in pursuit, that, just at the moment the boat-steerer "stands up" to strike the whale, he suddenly descends; but experienced whalemen can generally tell the direction they take while down, by the position of the "flukes" when going down. The boats are then pulled in the direction the whale is supposed to have taken. They also judge of the distance the whale will go under water by the velocity of the animnl when last seen. After the boats have pulled what is judged to be the proper distance, they "heave up," or cease pulling. A large whale, when not "gallied," or frightened, generally spouts from sixty to seventy times before going down, and remains down from fifty to seventy minutes. The boats have now got close on. Those left on board the ship are watching with breathless anxiety, occasionally exclaiming, "Oh, pull, boys! do pull!" Meantime the men in the boats are bending back to it, but the bow boat has the advantage; she is the head boat. The boatswain is jumping up and down in the stern crying, "Once more, my hearties; give it to her! a few more strokes, and we have him; pull, my children; why don't you break your backbones, you rascals? so there you are now; that's the stroke for a thousand dollars; start her, but keep cool; cucumbers is the word; easy, easy; only start her! Why don't you snap your oars, you rascals? bite something, you dogs! easy now, but pull; oh, you're all asleep; stop snoring, and pull; pull, will ye? pull, can't ye? pull, won't ye? pull, and start your eyes out! that's it; now you start her." Thus, one moment coaxing and the next scolding; but no one heeds him, as all are bent on taking the whale. "Stand up!" shouted he, and the boat-steerer rose to his feet, grasped his iron, and, as the boat neared the monster, "Give it to him!" is the next cry, and "chock to the socket" went the first iron, followed as quick as thought by the second. One deafening cheer, and the cry resounded over the waters, "We are fast! we are fast!" The sea, which but a moment before lay still and quiet, scarcely a ripple to break its even surface, is now lashed into foam by the writhings of the whale. "Stern all!" shouts the officer. The boat is immediately backed, and removed from present danger; the officer takes the head of the boat, and the boat-steerer takes the steering oar to manage the boat; and the whale is sounding, and the line is running through the "chocks," or groove in the head of the boat, with the rapidity of lightning, and, as it passes round the loggerhead, it ignites from the heat produced by friction, but the tub oarsman is continually dashing water upon it in the line tub. The whale sounds deep, and the line is almost out; a signal is made to the other boats, which are coming down. They come near enough, and bend on their lines; but presently it ceases running out, and slackens; the whale is coming to the surface again. All hands now commence to "haul in line" as fast as he rises, and the boat steerer coils it away as fast as hauled in, in the stern-sheets. He soon breaks water, and the boat is gradually hauled up to him. Another boat now fastens, and he again attempts to sound; but being weakened by loss of blood, he is soon at the surface again. The boats now draw alongside, and the officer of the first boat fast prepares his lance. He darts it for his vitals, (just behind his fin) and the first one proves fatal, for in a moment more he shows the "red flag;" the blood flows freely from the spout-hole in a thick, dark stream; the sea is stained for some distance, and the men in the boats are covered with blood-spray, but glory in it. The monster now attempts to sound, but is obliged to keep to the surface, and he soon goes into what is technically termed by whalemen his "flurry," but what landsmen would call his dying agonies—and terrible they are. The sea is beaten into a perfect foam by his writhings and contortions; and, after a short time, as if with accelerated strength, he starts off with lightning speed, describing in his course, circles, each growing smaller than the preceding one, and his speed slackening, until he finally gives one monster throe, and dies, rolling fin out, with his head to the sun. The battle is now ended, and the "huge leviathan lies a victim to the superior power and mind of man." Now that life is extinct, a hole is cut in his head, the line made fast, and all the boats "hook on," and tow him to the ship, where he is made fast by means of a fluke-chain being passed around his tail, which chain is brought to the forward part of the ship, and passed through a "hawse-hole," and made fast to the "bowsprit bits," bringing the whale with his head pointing aft, and in a position to commence the operation of "cutting in."

THE BOW.

THE bow is one of the most ancient and universal weapons of offence. It is made of steel, wood, horn, or other elastic substance, which, after being bent by means of a string fastened to its two ends, in returning to its natural state, throws out an arrow with great force. The figure of the bow is nearly the same in all countries, having generally two inflections, between which, in the place where the arrow is fixed, is a right line. The Grecian bow was nearly in the form of the letter M: in drawing it, the hand was brought back to the right breast, and not to the ear. The Scythian bow was distinguished for its remarkable curvature, which was nearly semi-circular; that of the modern Tartars is similar to it. The materials of bows have been different in different countries. The Persians and Indians made them of reeds. The Lycian bows were made of the cornel-tree; those of the Ethiopians of the palm-tree. That of Pandarus (Il. iv. 104) was made from the horn of a mountain goat, sixteen palms in length; the string was an ox-hide thong. The horn of the antelope is still used for the same purpose in the East. The long-bow was the favorite national weapon in England. The battles of Cressy (1346), Poictiers (1356), and Agincourt (1415), were won by this weapon. It was made of yew, ash, &c., of the height of the archer. The arrow being usually half the length of the bow, the *cloth-yard* was only employed by a man six feet high. The arbalist, or cross-bow, was a popular weapon with the Italians, and was introduced into England in the thirteenth century. The arrows shot from it were called *quarrels*. The *bolt* was used with both kinds of bows. Of the power of the bow, and the distance to which it will carry, some remarkable anecdotes are related. Xenophon mentions an Arcadian whose head was shot through by a Carduchian archer. Stuart (*Ath. Ant.* i) mentions a random shot of a Turk, which he found to be 584 yards; and Mr. Strutt saw the Turkish ambassador shoot 480 yards in the archery ground near Bedford square. Lord Bacon speaks of a Turkish bow which had been known to pierce a steel target, or a piece of brass, two inches thick. In the journal of King Edward VI., it is mentioned that a hundred archers of the king's guard shot at an inch board, and that some of the arrows passed through this and into another board behind it, although the wood was extremely solid and firm. It has been the custom of many savage nations to poison their arrows. This practice is mentioned by Homer and the ancient historians; and we have many similar accounts of modern travellers and navigators from almost every part of the world. Some of these stories are of doubtful authority, but others are well authenticated. Some poison, obtained by Condamine from South American savages, produced instantaneous death in animals inoculated. The poisoned arrows used in Guinea are not shot from a bow, but blown through a tube. They are made of the hard substance of the cokarito tree, and are about a foot long, and of the size of a knitting-needle. One end is sharply pointed, and dipped in the poison of wooraia: the other is adjusted to the cavity of the reed, from which it is to be blown, by a roll of cotton. The reed is several feet in length. A single breath carries the arrow thirty or forty yards.

DANCING.

THE disposition to rhythm and measured motion, is deeply implanted in human nature. As soon as man, in a rude state, wishes to express elevated feelings, whatever be their cause—joy, devotion, patriotism—he makes use of rhythm, of measured language, and the dance, or measured movements. This is the origin of the symbolical dance, which, among all nations, in the first stages of civilization, is used as an expression of excited feeling. The operation of the principle of imitation, which led to the invention of the drama, gave birth also to the imitative dance—the pantomime. Dancing, in the course of time, took the character of an art. Grace became one of its chief objects, and it was much cultivated as an elegant amusement in the intercourse of society, and an elegant spectacle in public entertainments. Its ancient character, however, of an expression of religious or patriotic feeling, gradually declined, as the progress of refinement and civilization produced its invaluable effect of restraining the full expression of the feelings and emotions. This circumstance, added to the chastened and diadectic character of the Christian religion, probably prevented the dance from being admitted among the rites of the Christian religion; but it has always been cultivated among Christians, as an agreeable amusement and elegant exhibition. As an amusement of social assemblages, the dance has sunk much below the character of an art. The polite assemblies of the present day are too much crowded to leave room for graceful dancing. But national dances, as those of the Bohemian, Polish, Hungarian, Italian, and Spanish peasantry, still retain the expression of joyous feeling, and often exhibit much imitative power. There is reason to suppose that the dance had a place among the religious rites of the Jews; to what extent, however, is not known, and some persons deny the fact altogether; but it appears pretty evident that this doubt is unfounded, and its admission may be easily explained by the origin which we have ascribed to the dancing in general With the Greeks and Romans, regulated movements, quick or slow, *i. e.*, dancing, were introduced in most religious celebrations. The Greeks, developing the element of the beautiful in every branch of art, were also masters in the religious dance. In the exhibitions of the theatre, they united the dance with many other performances, and the dancers of the ancients which commemorated the adventures of Achillies, Alexander, the loves of Venus and Mars, &c., are to be understood as pantomimic performances. From the Romans, the dance was transmitted to the national theatre of the Italians. As early as the sixteenth century, several Italians, Rinaldo Corso, Fabric. Caroso, &c., wrote on dancing. They and the French have cultivated the modern art of dancing to the degree of perfection in which we find it; so that the ballet of the Parisian opera was long considered the highest perfection of the art of dancing, and, in some respects, still is. There exist, at present, two different schools—the Italian and French. Of the two, the Italian is the least artificial. The modern French ballet sometimes degenerates to a mere display of skill and agility, at the expense of grace and beauty, which ought always to remain the chief object of dancing.

WARLIKE WIT, ETC.

A MODEL BODY GUARD.

"Brick" Pomeroy, of the La Crosse (Wis.) *Democrat*, on being invited to assist in forming a body guard for President Lincoln, and, after due consideration, decided to "go in," provided the following basis could be adopted, and rigidly adhered to throughout the war:—

The company shall be entirely composed of Colonels, who shall draw pay and rations in advance.

Every man shall have a commission, two servants, and white kids.

Each man shall be mounted in a covered buggy, drawn by two white stallions.

Under the seat of each buggy shall be a cupboard, containing cold chicken, pounded ice and champagne, *a la* members of Congress and military officers at Bull Run.

Each man shall have plenty of cards and red chips to play poker with.

The only side arms, to be opera glasses, champagne glasses, and gold-headed canes.

The duty of the company shall be to take observations of battle, and on no account shall it be allowed to approach nearer than ten miles to the seat of war.

Behind each buggy shall be an ambulance, so arranged as to be converted into a first class boarding house in the day time, and a sumptuous sleeping and dressing room at night.

The regimental band must be composed of pianos and guitars, played by young ladies, who shall never play a quickstep except in case of retreat.

Reveille shall not be sounded till late breakfast time, and not then if any one of the regiment has a headache.

In case of a forced march into the enemy's country, two miles a week shall be the maximum, and no marches shall be made except the country abound in game, or if any member of the regiment object.

Kid gloves, gold tootbpicks, cologne, hair-dressing, silk underclothes, cosmetics, and all other rations, to be furnished by the Government.

Each member of the regiment shall be allowed a reporter for some New York paper, who shall draw a salary of two hundred dollars a week, for puffs, from the "incidental" fund.

Every member shall be in command, and when one is promoted all are to be.

Commissions never to be revoked.

NEW RULES FOR SKATERS.—It is our happy privilege in this temperate climate to be able to indulge in skating every winter as long as the weather is cold enough to form ice of adequate thickness. Of late years, and since Central Park was instituted, skating has become fashionable for both sexes, and the sweetest thing on ice is a young lady on a pair of skates. A few instructions and rules for skating will be useful to our skating readers, and we have prepared the following, which every gentleman should cut out and paste in his hat:—

Rule 1. Never venture on the ice until you have learned to skate.

2. In buying a pair of skates, get them as large as you can for the price; it is a rule in architecture, "the broader the base the safer the apex." For apex, read "head."

3. When you you go out skating, wear thick clothing, and have the seat of your pantaloons lined with cotton batting. You may realize the utility of the latter, for skates are but a slippery foundation.

4. In running against other skaters, always select men lighter than yourself, and always take them on the flank; in knocking him down, it is desirable not to go down yourself.

5. If you fall down, get up again as quickly as possible.

6. If the ice breaks and lets you in, get out again as soon as you can; it is not considered healthy to stay in cold water long at this season of the year.

7. When you have done skating, go home as quickly as possible, and take something warm.

The above rules will apply also to the ladies, with a slight modification of rule 3, though some additional instructions are necessary for them. Young ladies should not be permitted to skate alone, but should be supported by a gentleman with his arm around her waist. The precaution is not necessary for elderly ladies, as they are not so giddy, and are better balanced. The lady's skates should always be strapped on by a gentleman; the art of strapping on a skate never can be acquired by the female mind.

To make your wife scold—Curse the dinner.

To become exalted—Commit a horid murder.

AN 1812 WAR STORY.—The following, we believe, has never seen print; Ogden Hoffman used to tell the story. He was in the great fight between the Constitution and the Guerriere, and said that as the British ship came sailing down on them, as they heard the sharp orders, when the guns were run out, and the men could be seen ready with their matchlocks, an officer came in haste to Capt. Isaac Hull, and asked for orders to fire. "Not yet," was the quiet response. As they came still nearer, and the British vessel poured in her fire, the first Lieutenant of the Constitution came on the poop and begged permission to return the broadside, saying that the men could not be restrained much longer. "Not yet," was the indifferent reply. Still nearer the British ship came, and the American prisoners who were in the cockpit of the Guerriere, afterwards said that they began to believe that their own countrymen were afraid to measure their strength with the enemy, and this thought gave them more pain than the wounds which some of them were still suffering from. In a moment after, the Guerriere rode gallantly forward, showing her burnished sides; and as the swell carried her close to the very muzzles of "Old Ironsides," Capt. Hull, who was then quite fat, and dressed in full tights, bent himself twice to the deck, and with every muscle and vein throbbing with excitement, shouted, "Now boys, pour it into them." That broadside settled their opponent, and when the smoke cleared away, the Commodore's tights were seen to be split from waistband to heel.

SINGULAR DETECTION OF A THIEF.—A musician employed at one of the London theatres possessed an ebony flute with silver keys. He seldom used it, however, in consequence of one of the upper notes being defective. The musician had for a lodger a young man, a theatrical tailor, and between the two there existed a considerable friendship. Well, one night, while the musician was away at his business, some one stole the flute with the silver keys, and suspicion fell on an old woman who used to come to do the housework. However, nothing tended to show that the old lady really was guilty, and the affair was shortly forgotten. In a few months the tailor left the house of the musician, and went to live in a town a few miles off; but as the friendship between the two men still existed, they occasionally visited each other. Nearly a year afterwards the musician paid the tailor a visit, and was pleased to find him in possession of a beautiful bullfinch, who could distinctly whistle three tunes. The performance was perfect, with this exception—whenever he came to a certain high note he invariably skipped it, and went on to the next. A very little reflection convinced the musician that the note in which the bullfinch was imperfect was the very one that was deficient on the ebony flute. So convinced was he, that he at once sharply questioned his ex-lodger on the subject, who at once tremblingly confessed his guilt, and that all the bird knew had been taught on the stolen flute.

AN IMPEDIMENT SURMOUNTED.—Judge ——, a well-known, highly-respected Knickerbocker, on the shady side of fifty, a widower, with five children, full of fun and frolic, ever ready for a joke—to give or take, was bantered the other evening by a Miss of five and twenty, for not taking another wife; she urged that he was hale and hearty, and deserved a matrimonial messmate. The Judge acknowledged the fact; admitted that he was convinced by the elcquence of his fair friend that he had been thus far very remiss, and expressed contrition for the fault confessed, ending with offering himself to the lady, telling her she could not certainly reject him, after having pointed out to him his heinous offence. The lady replied that she would be most happy to take the situation so uniquely advertised, and become bone of his bone and flesh of his flesh, but there was one, to her serious obstacle. "Well," says the Judge, "name it. My profession is to surmount such impediments." "Ah, Judge, this is beyond your powers. I have avowed if ever I marry a widower he must have ten children." "Ten children! O, that's nothing," says the Judge. "I'll give you five now, and my notes on demand in instalments for the balance." Fact.

THE VIRTUES OF BORAX.—The washerwomen of Holland and Belgium, so proverbialy clean, and who get up their linen so beautifully white, use refined borax as a washing-powder instead of soda, in the proportion of one large handfull of borax-powder to about ten gallons of boiled water; they save in soap nearly half. All the large washing establishments adopt the same mode. For laces, cambrics, &c., an extra quality of the powder is used, and for crinolines (requiring to be made stiff) a strong solution is necessary. Borax being a neutral salt, does not in the slightest degree injure the texture of the linen; its effects is to soften the hardest water, and therefore it should be kept on every toilet-table. To the taste it is rather sweet, is used for cleaning the hair, is an excellent dentrifice, and in hot countries is used in combination with tartaric acid and bi carbonate of soda as a cooling beverage. Good tea cannot be made with hard water: all water may be made soft by adding a teaspoonfull of borax-powder to an ordinary sized kettle of water, in which it should boil. The saving in the quantity of tea used will be at least one-fifth.

A HARD SHELL BAPTIST.—It is related that a rivalry exists between two regiments encamped on the Potomac, which is sometimes carried to the most absurd extremes. As an instance of this, it is stated that on one occasion the Colonel of one of the regiments was waited on by a zealous Chaplain, who wished to promote the religious interests of the regiment. The Chaplain was politely received and beckoned to a seat on a chest. "Colonel," said he, elevating his eyebrows, "you have one of the finest regiments in the army." "I think so," replied the Colonel "A lively interest has been awakened in the—— regiment; the Lord has blessed the labors of his servants, and ten men have been baptized." [This was the rival regiment.] "Is that so, 'pon Honor?" asked the Colonel. "Yes, sir." "Sargent," said the Colonel to an attending Orderly, "have fifteen men detailed immediately to be baptized. I'll be d——d if they shall get ahead of us anyway." The Chaplain made a note of the interview and retired.

NO CONCUSSION FOR CATS.—It is quite wonderful to see a cat jump down heights. She never seems to hurt herself, or to get giddy with the fall; she always falls on her feet, and these are so beautifully padded, that they seldom or never get broken. Why does not the cat get a headache after her deep jumps? Why not the concussion of the brain, as a man or a dog would, if he performed a similar acrobatic feat? If we take down one of our dry cats' heads off the keeper's museum wall, and break it up, we shall see it has a *regular partition wall* projecting from its sides, a good way inward, toward the centre, so as to prevent the brain from suffering from concussion. This is, indeed, a beautiful contrivance, and shows an admirable internal structure, made in wonderful conformity with external form and nocturnal habits.

NEWSPAPER people are proverbially temperate as well as virtuous. We believe one of the craft did get "tightly slight" a few days ago, and the following is a sample of his paper the next day:—'Yesterday morning, at 4 o'clock, P. M., a small man named Jones, or Brown, or Smith, with a heel in the hole of his trowsers, committed arsenic by swallowing a dose of suicide. The verdict of the inquest returned a jury, that deceased came to the facts in accordance with his death. He leaves a child and six wives to lament the end of his untimely loss."

THE RANGE OF THE HUMAN VOICE.—There are in the human voice about nine perfect tones, but 17,592,186,044,415 different sounds. Thus, 14 direct muscles, alone or together, produce 16,383; 30 indirect muscles produce 173,741,823; and all in co-operation produce the above total, independently of different degrees of intensity.

THE AMERICAN GOLD REGION.—Thomas Starr King, in a letter about the California gold region to the Boston Transcript, says:—"It is an area equal to the whole of New England, and its riches are scarcely touched as yet. There is no more danger that the wheat produce will give out than the gold harvest will. The hydraulic pipes, fed by 6,000 miles of aqueduct, may pour out their wrath without stint; the 300 quartz mills, that cost $3,500,000, may roar day and night, without fear of draining the yellow crop. It is said by some geologists here that there are single quartz veins in the State which contain more gold than is at present in circulation in all the world."

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HELEN OF TROY.—CANTO VIII.

Our Helen's mouth was shaped like Cupid's bow;
Her lips were rosy as a pair of cherries;
Her silken hair combed backward from her brow,
Was of that golden auburn which so rare is;
Her glistening teeth, like seed pearls in a row,
Were small and regular, and free from caries;
Her eyebrows were so delicately curved,
They might for crescent symbols well have served.

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